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In Memoriam

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Caroline Colman

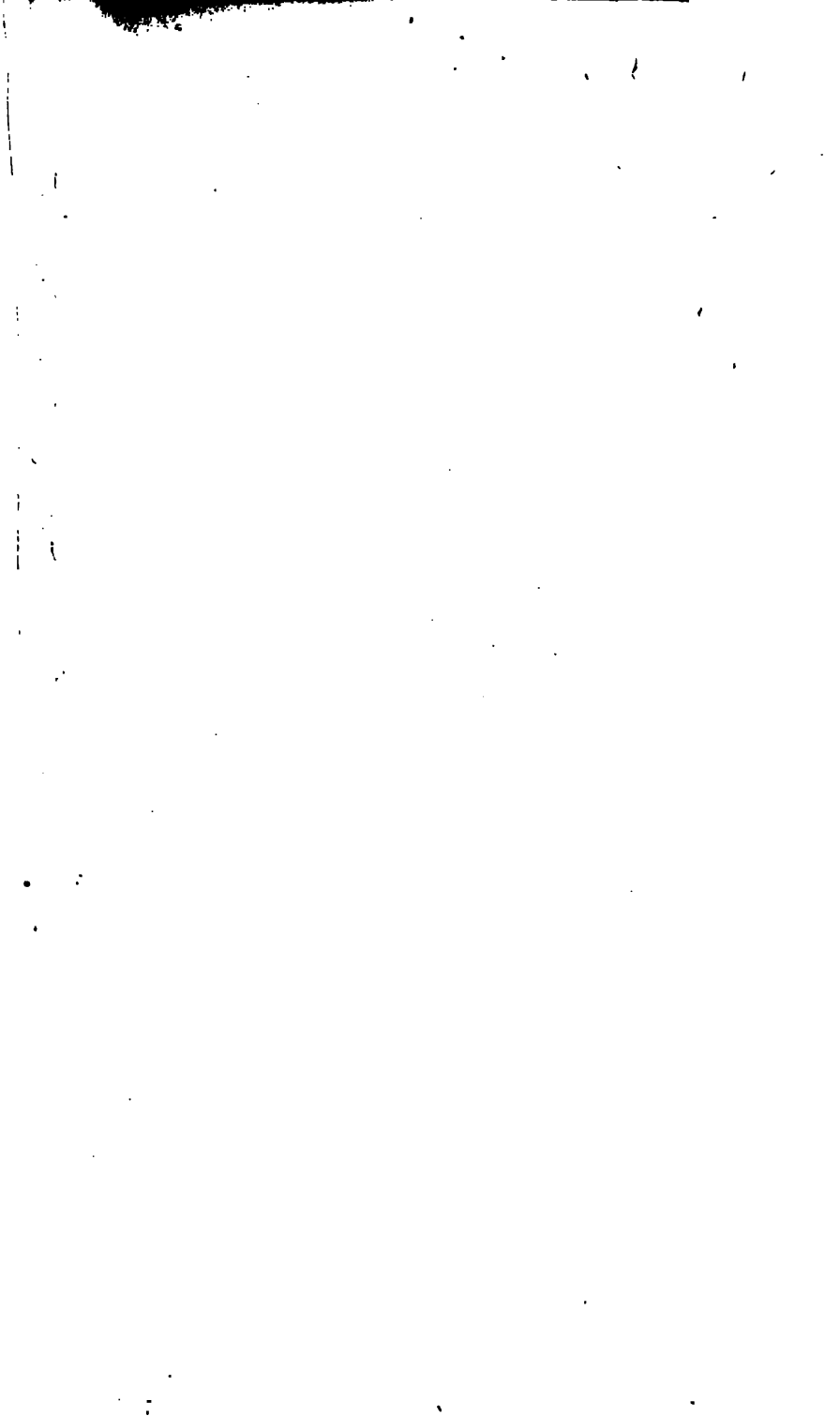
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In Memoriam

Caroline Colman

By her daughter

Laura E. Stuart.

*Printed for Private Circulation.*

FLETCHER AND SON, DAVEY PLACE, NORWICH.

1896.



To the ever present Memory  
of  
a dearly loved Mother.

L. E. M.

February, 1896.



With silence only as their benediction,  
God's angels come  
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
The soul sits dumb.

Yet would I say what thy own heart approveth :  
Our Father's will,  
Calling to Him the dear one whom He loveth,  
Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel  
Hath evil brought :  
Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel  
The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly  
What He hath given ;  
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly  
As in His heaven.

Whittier.



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are now growing up may, in after years, gather some idea—though fogged and imperfect—of what she was.

My mother's  
early home.

My mother, who was born on May 9th, 1831, was the eldest child of William Hardy Cozens (afterwards Cozens-Hardy) and Sarah Cozens, of Letheringsett near Holt. Letheringsett had been in the Hardy family for two generations before it passed to my mother's father. It had been the home of her great-grandfather William Hardy, who had three children—a son William who succeeded, a son Raven who died in early manhood, and a daughter Mary Ann. The daughter married Jeremiah Cozens of Sprowston near Norwich, and had one son, William Hardy Cozens, my mother's father. On the death of my mother's great-grandfather in 1811, Letheringsett passed to his son William. In 1842 William Hardy died leaving no children, and his nephew William Hardy Cozens (my mother's father) inherited the

property at Letheringsett, adopting at the same time by royal license, in accordance with his uncle's will, the surname of Cozens-Hardy in lieu of Cozens.

Marriage of  
her father  
and mother,  
1830.

My mother's mother, Sarah, the third daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Theobald of Norwich, was married to William Hardy Cozens on July 21st, 1830, at St. Saviour's Church, Magdalen Street, Norwich. One of my earliest recollections is seeing my grandfather raise his hat with an old-world courtesy whenever he passed this church, and his explaining to his wondering grandchild that he did so out of reverence for the place where he was wedded to his wife, "the wisest, brightest, best of women," as he was wont to add. My grandfather and grandmother's married life, which lasted sixty-one years, was spent in the village of Letheringsett, for the first twelve years in the house opposite to the rectory where six of their children were

born, and from 1842 (when my grandfather's uncle, William Hardy, died) at Letheringsett Hall, where their three youngest children were born.

During the life-time and under the direction of William Hardy, my grandfather's predecessor, great improvements were made at Letheringsett. The house was practically rebuilt, the garden enlarged and developed, and three bridges built over the river Glaven which runs through the grounds. Two of these bridges are private; the third, which was built by subscription and erected in 1818 under his plan and direction, is public. This latter bridge is noteworthy as being the flattest bridge in the county, rising only sixteen inches over a river fifteen feet wide; indeed so flat is it that at the time many builders prophesied its speedy collapse, nevertheless it has stood firm for nearly eighty years. William Hardy was also a great planter



Leibniz's 5th





Norwich.





Norwich.

Leffertineff Hall.

A. E. Cox, Photo.



Her father's  
boyhood.

He was born at Sprowston near Norwich on December 1st, 1806. His father, a farmer, was a man who had received a plain education comprising the three R's, and whose library—so his son says—"consisted mainly of a few religious books such as Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," Young's "Night Thoughts," etc." The boy, however, became a member of the Old Library in St. Andrew's, Norwich, where he spent some time nearly every day revelling in books of all kinds, but especially in books on science. Until about twelve years old he was educated at home, after which he was sent as a day pupil to the Gray Friars' Priory School, Norwich, kept first by Mr. Drummond, and afterwards by Mr. Brooks, calling daily on his way through Magdalen Street to pick up his schoolfellow (his junior by some years) John Patteson—now the Rev. Canon Patteson of Thorpe. The house is still standing on the

north side of what is now Prince of Wales' Road. "It was about this time," so my grandfather says in some reminiscences,

that I attended a lecture in St. Andrew's Hall by an astronomer named Walker, who exhibited an orrery showing the motions of the principal planets, and explaining the causes of the eclipses of the sun and moon, which greatly interested me. This gave me a taste for scientific subjects, which I have never lost.

In April, 1822, when sixteen years of age, he visited London in company with his uncle, William Hardy, and the two together inspected most of the principal sights, Old London Bridge with its nineteen arches among the rest. Gas had just begun to supersede oil lamps in London, but had not yet been introduced into the provinces, and my grandfather remarks in his diary :

The illuminating effect of this invention in the streets and shops was very extraordinary, and struck me with wonder and amazement.

Soon after leaving school, in 1823, my grandfather began to study shorthand, and became so far proficient in Holdsworth and Aldridge's system that he could take down sermons and speeches verbatim, and could moreover read it fluently. He was fond of relating how a certain lecturer on stenography once asserted in Norwich that Pitman's system, which he was engaged in advocating, was the only one which could be easily read and in which vowel sounds were clearly expressed, at the same time challenging any one in the audience to prove the contrary. My grandfather took up the challenge, mounted the platform, and by showing that in Holdsworth and Aldridge's system such words as "these," "this," "those," and "thus," and other words which he wrote at the lecturer's dictation, had each a different character, successfully proved his point.

Her father's  
legal train-  
ing.

In 1823 my grandfather was articled for five years to the firm of Unthank, Foster, and Co., Solicitors, of Norwich, and began the systematic study of law. He afterwards went to London to continue his training, but his health broke down and he returned to Norwich; in fact though so vigorous in after-life, in early years his health was bad. In his reminiscences he describes how, on his return from London, he

consulted some half dozen doctors, but received little benefit from their prescriptions, and gave them up believing that it is

‘Better to hunt the fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.’

In 1830 his marriage took place and he and his wife settled in Letheringsett. They had nine children: (1) Caroline, my mother, (d. 1895); (2) Clement William Hardy; (3) Laura Elizabeth (d. 1838); (4) Herbert Hardy; (5) Cecilia Emma (d. 1879); (6) Theobald; (7) Agnes; (8) Kathleen; (9) Sydney.

Her father's  
life at Leth-  
eringsett.

In 1842 his uncle William Hardy died, and my grandfather and his family moved into Letheringsett Hall, where the rest of my mother's girlhood was spent. During his long life as squire of Letheringsett—he passed away only two months before his beloved eldest daughter—he took the keenest interest in the improvement of the place. Sometimes it would be in the building of model cottages; sometimes in the laying out of his garden; sometimes in the clearing away of trees so as to open distant peeps; sometimes in the improvement of the water supply—about 1850 he made a lake which was supplied by diverting streams coming from Holt and Kelling, which streams also worked his hydraulic ram and turbine. The waterfall and fountain in the garden were also planned by him. My grandfather was a keen sportsman and had had a large experience with guns, having shot with flint-locks, muzzle-loaders,

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pin-fires, and central-fires; skating and bowls were also favourite amusements. But his interests were by no means narrowed down to the limits of the ordinary squire. He was appointed a J.P. in 1843 and had been Chairman of the Holt Bench for nearly a quarter of a century when in 1894 his increasing deafness led him to resign. Having been brought up as a solicitor his interest in legal matters was specially keen, and he was a regular attendant at the Norwich Assizes. In 1849 the celebrated trial of Rush for the murder of Jermy (the Recorder of Norwich) and his son took place, and lasted six days, the prisoner being at last found guilty. My grandfather records an interesting incident in the trial:

On the second morning of the trial one of the policemen stated that some man had said to the jury on entering the "Maid's Head" for the night, that he hoped they would have mercy on Rush. He was brought before the Judge, Lord Cranworth, in

custody. Most people thought the Judge would commit the man [for contempt of Court] but to the surprise of all in Court he said: "As the remark was in favour of the prisoner I shall discharge the man."

My grandfather had a close connection with Poor Law work for nearly half a century. He was first elected a Guardian in 1839 and served continuously till the Local Government Act of 1894, under the provisions of which he was unanimously elected one of the two co-optative Guardians of the new District Council. In the *Eastern Daily Press* of January 18th, 1895, there appears an article from his pen called "Reminiscences of a Long Life," dealing especially with his fifty years of Poor Law work.

From his boyish days he had been keenly interested in natural science, especially in astronomy and meteorology. Many a time he and his old friend and neighbour, the Rev. Edward Brumell of Holt, himself a high

wrangler, would meet to enjoy a chat on some astronomical subject. By the way, my grandfather mentions in his reminiscences that during his early life at Sprowston Mr. Airy—afterwards Sir George Airy and Astronomer Royal—visited Norwich and made a meridian line from the south transept of the Cathedral. He adds that on looking for it a short time ago he found it had for some unaccountable reason been removed or obliterated.

He had a practical as well as a theoretical acquaintance with hydraulics, and occasionally delivered lectures on one or another branch of the subject. It may be well to mention in this connection my grandfather's friendship with Johnson Jex, known as "the learned blacksmith of Letheringsett." He says:

Johnson Jex,  
"the learned  
blacksmith."

I found Johnson Jex to be a man of singular ability as a mechanic and an original genius. He was a man of very retired habits but a profound thinker. I spent many hours in his company and believe him



to have had no equal in the county for scientific and mechanical knowledge. He made a gold chronometer with a compensating balance for one of the Astley family, which is now in my possession.

He also made a gold watch, of which every part, including the silver face and ruby cylinder, and every tool employed in its construction, were of Jex's own making, a feat which some of the London watchmakers were at first inclined to regard as almost incredible. Jex, who also made several scientific inventions, was entirely a self-educated man, having taught himself to read and write. It is believed that he was never out of Norfolk, having a great dislike to travelling, and he never saw a railway train though living within twelve miles of a station. In 1852 this interesting man died aged seventy-three, and was buried at Letheringsett Churchyard, his epitaph being written by my grandfather, who also delivered a lecture about him.

My grandfather's various interests, whether connected with agriculture, law, science, Poor Law, or sport, were however but the woof of which his love for and devotion to his wife were the warp. Old tales of his early courtship he was ever fond of telling, of by-gone days in Norwich when he would scheme to catch a glimpse of her who was afterwards his wife, of her beauty, and of the final success of his wooing. It was a love that went on growing all through the sixty-one years of their wedded life.

My mother's  
mother.

Of my grandmother it is well that I should quote my mother's words :

She always entered with the deepest sympathy into her children's joys as well as their sorrows. She was never happier than when her children or grandchildren gathered round her, and their love for her is stronger than death and will remain part of themselves as long as memory lasts. Although my mother was the very life and light of her home, her influence for good was not confined to this sphere. In public education



## CHAPTER II.

### *My Mother's Girlhood.*

My mother's  
birth, 1831.



Y mother, who was born on May 9th, 1831, was the eldest of nine children, one of whom died in childhood.

Her brother Herbert has written down for me the following account of my mother's early life at Letheringsett. He says :

Her brother  
Herbert's ac-  
count of her  
girlhood.

I have spent some time in reading over such of your mother's letters as I have kept, and while they are fresh in my memory I think I had better jot down my impressions of her early life.

The letters begin in August, 1855, when I was at Mr. West's school at Amersham. There is one

sentence in the first letter which, addressed to a boy of sixteen by a girl of twenty-four, is remarkable. "To you I like to be as unreserved as possible, because of the strong love I bear you and the implicit confidence I have in you."

I have often heard your mother say that the death of her sister Laura in 1838 was a heavy blow, and that I seemed to have been sent by God to fill the vacant place in her affections. Certain it is that from my earliest years up to the day of her death, there was between us a close and strong attachment, which was not weakened by distance, or by the cares of life, or even by the exacting and rival claims of our families. Her letters are frequently subscribed, "your loving sister *and friend*," and in truth she was more than a sister to me. She took the deepest interest in all the events of my life at school and at college, and rendered me valuable assistance. It was a delight to her to answer my questions, to make extracts from books which were not accessible to me, and to correct and criticise my crude attempts at English composition. In April, 1855, she came for a short visit to Amersham to see me, and when in July 1856 I was obliged to be in London for the Matriculation Honours Examination she insisted upon staying with me in lodgings till all was over, in order to cheer and encourage me. Even after her

marriage she again came up to my lodgings in Harrington Street, during the final examination for the Andrews' Scholarship in October 1858, for the purpose of keeping up my spirits and taking care of my health. In all the sorrows and anxieties and joys of my life her loving sympathy never failed.

As to her own education: from nine to fourteen she had a governess, Miss Louisa Withers, who is still living. From fourteen to sixteen or thereabouts she was sent away to Norwich, to be with her cousins, Ellen and Eliza Blakely, under the care and tuition of Aunt Emma—afterwards Mrs. T. Wrigley. I well remember the house in St. George's Street nearly opposite the Baptist Chapel in which my Grandmother Theobald and her daughter Aunt Emma lived.

So far as I am aware, she had not any masters except in music [she also attended the School of Art—L. E. S.]. She was, however, a great reader, not so much of poetry or fiction as of history and general literature. At Letheringsett she spent a good deal of time in her bedroom, which was her only approach to a study, and often "burned the midnight oil."

Her religious convictions were always deep and yet singularly broad. Never can I forget what I owe to her influence at a most critical period.

It is not easy to trace the various circumstances

which helped to form and to mould her strong character. If I do not enlarge upon the influence exerted by her father and mother, to both of which she was fondly attached, you will understand that the reason is that they have lived long enough for their characteristics to be well-known to you. But I am not sure that you fully realise the peculiar atmosphere which surrounded her in and after 1849. Brought up as Wesleyan Methodists, in all the strict and quiet ways of a Puritan family, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of what was known as the Wesleyan Reform movement, in which your grandfather took a leading part. The expulsion of Everett, Dunn, and Griffith was followed by the expulsion or secession of a large number of the more liberal members of the Connexion. At Holt we were turned out of the chapel, and for some time we had service in a barn, one end of which was piled with corn. Our daily talk was about religious liberty and freedom of conscience. These ideas became part of your mother's nature, and kept her safe against all the allurements of ecclesiasticism.

Her political views were advanced, and she sometimes shocked your more timid grandmother.

Before her marriage she was very fond of riding on horseback, and we used to ride long distances. She was never fond of games.

On reading through what I have written, I find that I have almost solely dealt with our personal relations to each other—and perhaps this is best. Yet I must add that from my earliest remembrance your mother was looked up to by all the members of the family, including her own father and mother, and that we were all wont to refer to her for counsel or sympathy in time of difficulty.

Love of reading.

About 1847 she left Norwich and returned home to Letheringsett Hall—into which her father and mother had moved when she was eleven years of age—and at once took up the work and responsibility that fell to her as eldest daughter. During her girlhood (and indeed all through her life) my mother was an inveterate reader, sitting up night after night while she was devouring some book in which she was engrossed. Her eldest sister-in-law has described to me my mother's introduction to Shakespeare's works, when the two were girls together, and how hour after hour she would pore over the pages, completely oblivious

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of everything around her. After leaving school she seems to have been in the habit of making careful analyses of various books she read, notably of works on English, Scottish, and French history. In later life my mother was a beautiful needlewoman, but in her girlhood needlework was a penance. Indeed in those early days her father was fond of quoting—as apparently proving beyond question the folly of phrenology—the remark of a phrenologist concerning her, that she had “a great gift for needlework.” The future however showed the truth of the prophecy. In this connection it may be worth while recalling another phrenological dictum, this time concerning my mother’s grandfather, Mr. Theobald, a man of great intellectual power and a good linguist. He was afflicted with deafness, and thinking he might learn something from the works of German aurists he mastered the German language in order to read their writings. After



examining Mr. Theobald's head, the phrenologist in question remarked: "You will have great difficulty in learning a foreign language." "Well," replied he, "I have great difficulty in learning anything, but if there is one subject less difficult to me than another it is a foreign language."

My mother revelled in an active out-of-door life, being in her younger years especially devoted to riding. As a sample of her athletic prowess, her father was fond of relating how in those early days she once challenged a minister to walk through the river Glaven on stilts, with the result that she succeeded while he

My mother's  
love of  
botany.

ignominiously failed. Her study of botany had a characteristic origin. Her sister Cecy, nine years younger than herself, came home from school out of health and under doctor's orders to rusticate in the open air. My mother took her under her wing and resolved to find some interest which would keep them both

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out of doors. The study of flowers naturally suggested itself; so the elder sister set to work and began the systematic study of botany, a science in which her interest never flagged. She was ever alert to espy rare flowers in the hedgerows, while there was scarcely a tree or a plant in her own gardens of which she did not know the name. She also made a large collection of pressed flowers. Indeed her love of nature—even when it took the form of copying natural flowers in wax, a youthful achievement at which in after days she was wont to shudder—was very intense and seems to have run all through her life. On October 25th, 1855 she writes:

I got up at 6.30 this morning, and walked out to see if the lunar eclipse was visible, but the sun's light was so strong and the horizon so cloudy that I could not see the moon at all.

And again in June, 1855 she writes:

One of our employments when we were at

Dawlish, was searching for sea anemones. We went out at low water and worked for some hours with hammers and chisels. We succeeded in getting many score of these anemones of every variety of colour. We also found about a dozen of the most exquisite creatures of a bright pink and peach colour, very minute. We sent them all to Norwich carefully packed, and they are now probably enjoying themselves in the aquarium at the museum.

Her love of nature both animate and inanimate was very catholic, embracing every imaginable object short of black beetles. Birds of all kinds were specially interesting to her, and during most of the year she would keep in front of her window a supply of bread crumbs, cocoanuts, bits of fat, and nuts of various kinds to attract them.

Of what my mother was to her brothers during this time, my uncle Herbert has spoken. She would devote hour after hour to searching out answers to questions on history or literature on which they had turned to her for help.

For instance in September, 1855, she writes to one of her brothers, then at boarding school :

You know there is no employment to which I should go with more zest than copying anything which would be of use to you. If you can tell me the subjects on which you want the information, I will do all in my power to extract it from Lardner, and perhaps this would save you time and trouble. Do let me have the delight of working for you if you can, for it would be a positive pleasure.

She rejoiced in any of their successes infinitely more than if they had been her own, and treasured up among her papers are old matriculation and other examination lists in which the name of one or another of her brothers appears. The tie uniting her to her sisters was equally strong and enduring.

Wesleyan  
Methodist  
split, 1849.

My grandfather, who had been brought up a Wesleyan, was, as has been mentioned, a warm sympathiser with the three Wesleyan ministers, Everett, Dunn, and Griffith, whose expulsion

by the Conference in 1849 led to the secession of many Wesleyans and to the formation of the sect of Wesleyan Reformers. [The Wesleyan Reformers afterwards united with the Wesleyan Methodist Association to form the Free Methodists.] These ministers were required to answer to the Conference whether or not they had written certain anonymous publications reflecting on the government of the society, and declining to do so on the ground that the question was inquisitorial, were forthwith expelled from the Wesleyan body. Many of the laity, sympathising with the ejected ministers, separated themselves from the Conference, and meetings of protest were held all over the country, in a number of which my grandfather took a prominent part. My mother enthusiastically championed the same cause and aided it in every way in her power, believing that in so doing she was supporting freedom against autocracy. My

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grandfather would often come home late in the evening after attending meetings on the subject, bringing with him shorthand notes of speeches delivered, and my mother (who could both write and read shorthand fluently) would sit up far into the night transcribing these notes so as to be able to despatch reports next morning to the various Methodist newspapers.

The old fires have died down by now ; at the time feeling ran high and probably in the heat of the moment things were said on both sides which in cooler moments would have been left unsaid, yet I do not think my mother had ever any cause to regret the part she herself took in the struggle.

My mother's  
articles.

In 1850 and 1851 she contributed four leading articles to *The Wesleyan Times* and also some anonymous articles to a magazine called *The Wesley Banner*. In one of the latter, entitled "A Word to the Women of Methodism," she writes (and it seems a prophecy

of what the trend of her whole life was to be):

Let us determine that whether it be small or great, exaggerated or undervalued, our influence shall ever be placed on the side of justice and truth, and in diametrical opposition to everything that obstructs the progress of free inquiry.

She also wrote an energetic appeal to the young men of Methodism. Among her other articles were "Agitation sometimes Needful," "The New Year," (in which she begins by summarising the chief events of the past twelve months, and ends up by recalling as an incentive the deeds of Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Knox, and Wesley; in this case the editor seems to have thought the "application" was scarcely sufficiently direct, so adds one of his own, after the approved fashion of the times,) an Address to Servants, and another to Children, and one—perhaps the most characteristic of all—on "The Common People,"

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the burden of which is that "true dignity consists not in external pomp but in intrinsic worth." The articles, as I have mentioned, were anonymous, and small wonder is it if the readers attributed them to some Father in Israel rather than to a girl of nineteen. My mother was always inclined to depreciate anything she had done, these articles among the rest, declaring that the style was stilted, and out of date—in fact it was only a year ago that her children could persuade her to unearth them.

In spite of the difficulties of travelling in those days, my mother had some pleasant little trips during her girlhood. Now it would be to Huddersfield to stay with her friend and future sister-in-law Helen Wrigley, now to London, and now to Oxford. In company with Mr. Wrigley and his daughter Helen, she visited Wales and Derbyshire, and on one occasion went with them to Paris. Sometimes



she went to London to visit her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Nixon. Soon after her engagement to my father she went with him and his mother and sister to Devonshire.





### CHAPTER III.

#### *Her Life at Carrow.*

**I**N my mother's happy home at Letheringsett the years slipped quickly by.

In May 1856 her eldest brother Clement was married to her dearly loved friend Helen Ferneley Wrigley of Huddersfield, and her own marriage followed in the same year.

Her marriage 1856.

My father is the only son of the late James Colman of Stoke Holy Cross near Norwich, and of Mary Colman whose maiden name was Burlingham and who is still living. James Colman, who died in 1854, was the eldest of twelve brothers and three sisters, of whom

These people, who were called "the  
 blacks" - their names were, by the  
 way, "the blacks" - and I heard a  
 number of names - one of them, I believe, the only  
 one in need of an extra imposed  
 something of her name, the famous  
 "Lithgow" was not repeated. Among the  
 names they played and in which they were  
 played was one of "Lithgow" in 1845,  
 the year when being put together by my  
 mother's father.

On the death of Mr. James Colman in  
 1846, my father became the sole surviving  
 partner in the manufacturing  
 business which had been started by his  
 grandfather, Mr. James Colman, and which  
 was then being carried on in a quiet  
 style with which is still standing at Stoke  
 Newington. But as the business expanded it  
 was necessary to build, and to build on a site  
 where the volume of trade were good. Hence



A. E. Côté, Photo.

Norwich.

Norman House



it came about that the manufactory, the nucleus of the present business, was moved from Stoke to Carrow, Norwich, and it was Carrow House that was my mother's home during the whole of her married life. My father and she were married on September 25th 1856 in the British School-room (now the Board School) at Holt, a room built by my grandfather in 1851, which served the purpose of a school-room on week-days and a chapel on Sundays. The service was conducted by the Rev. George Gould of Norwich, a valued friend of my father and mother.

Her wedding trip was to Ireland, and in the following month she returned to Norfolk where her new home had been lovingly prepared by her mother-in-law, whose affectionate welcome home was but one link in a chain of loving acts which bound the two very close together. Indeed the whole of my mother's life was "paved and roofed and

walled with love." In the home of her girlhood she was surrounded with a wealth of limitless affection—a foretaste of the love which was hers in her married life; while as for her children, they felt for her that "perfect love which casteth out fear." And so it came to pass that though ever and anon heavy sorrow came to her in the death of one and another dear to her, yet my mother's life was singularly free from the bitterest trial of all, want of love and sympathy on the part of those around her. In a letter to her brother Herbert she writes:

Her enjoyment of life.

I have just been reading some of my favourite John Foster's Lectures and amongst them one on "When that which is perfect is come then that which is in part shall be done away." I often wish I could realise more vividly the imperfection of this present state of being, and feel the deep longing which a Christian ought to feel for the state of perfection to which he is tending . . . My difficulty arises from the "lines having fallen to me in pleasant

places," from the fact that everything around me tends to make my life such a happy one. *Home* (by which I mean not so much a place as a circle) is so dear to me that I am ever in danger of letting my strongest feelings centre round it, and thus forget that heaven is our home. There are some who feel and speak of life as a dreary, painful, troubled path from the cradle to the grave. These Christians have doubtless their class of temptations but I do not suffer from them.

And again :

I often think I have almost everything that heart can wish—rather a dangerous state, for it is the smooth ice that is the most slippery.

In short, my mother thoroughly enjoyed life—entered into all its possibilities, revelled in beautiful things, and above all treasured the love which it brought her.

Indeed, on looking back over my mother's life, it seems as if the words of Cowper :

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown"

were emphatically not true of her. Rather,



she lived in the sunlight of all that makes life most blessed, and yet, so far from being caught down to earth, was for ever striving upwards to a higher ideal.

My father and mother settled down at Carrow House, and it was here that their six children were born—Laura Elizabeth (b. 1859), Russell James (b. 1861), Ethel Mary (b. 1863), Helen Caroline (b. 1865), Alan Cozens-Hardy (b. 1867), and Florence Esther (b. 1869). From the day that each of her children was born, her tender care began, and only grew more loving as the years passed by. Not one of them ever went to her for help, for sympathy, for advice, either in the joys and sorrows of childhood or in the interests and problems of older life without finding her eager to help.

Her interest  
in Carrow  
Works.

My mother's interest in everything affecting Carrow Works and Carrow workpeople dated from the very beginning of her married life. In any scheme which might be suggested for

helping the workpeople, or, still better, for helping them to help themselves, she was ever ready with keen sympathy, practical suggestion, and willing aid. Sometimes the original idea of some new scheme would be hers, and it would be my father's delight to help her to carry it out into practical working; sometimes it would be his, and it fell to her share to aid in working out the details. It is right to note, too, that in all undertakings for the help of the Carrow workpeople, my father has received the hearty co-operation of his late partners (his uncles Edward and Jeremiah Colman) and also of their sons Frederick and Jeremiah who are, with his own sons Russell and Alan, his present partners. My mother realised that, in the nature of things, her work to be effective must be as far as possible concentrated, and therefore took individual sections of work at Carrow specially under her wing—as for instance

the Day and Sunday Schools, the Carrow Works Kitchen, the Home for Girls, and the superintendence of the Sick Visiting ; yet there was no branch in which she was not a keenly interested and active helper. Hence it is that any account of my mother's life must be closely intertwined with a sketch of the origin and growth of agencies at work among the Carrow people, for to these undertakings she gave, and delighted to give, the best of her time and her thought.

Carrow  
Works  
Schools.

First, then, as to the Carrow Schools for the children of the workpeople. They had their origin in 1840 at Stoke Holy Cross, and when the business was moved to Carrow in 1857 the school was also transferred and was at first carried on in temporary and very humble premises in King Street. In these rooms in 1858 a Sunday School was also commenced. In March 1864 the first of the present block of buildings on Carrow Hill was completed

by the firm and the children moved thereto. A few months later an incident occurred which touched my mother very much. On July 8, 1864, she writes to her brother Herbert:

On Wednesday last I was asked to go to the Schoolroom to "hear a piece of music." Of course I thought it was a *vocal* performance but on entering the room, I saw to my astonishment a beautiful harmonium in a handsome walnut case standing on the platform. Mr. Harvard (as head of the clerks) after a few prefatory remarks read a short address stating that the clerks and travellers of the firm, knowing the interest I had taken in the erection of the Schoolroom, wished to present me with a harmonium for use in the Room. You will not wonder that I felt overpowered by such an unexpected present. I value it as a proof of the respect the givers entertain for my husband. They knew that in showing kindness to me they would gratify him.

For many years my mother herself used to accompany the hymns at the Sunday Afternoon School on this harmonium, which is still in constant use. In 1872 the second block of

buildings (now occupied by the infants), and in 1873 the third block (now occupied by the girls) were opened. From time to time fresh developments took place, many of which owed their origin directly to my mother, and all of which had her warm sympathy. Thus about 1882 she started cookery classes for teaching the girls attending the Carrow Works School, and these have continued ever since. In 1887 certain branches of manual employment were introduced into the school routine, since developed by the addition of Slojd and Venetian iron work, and 1890 saw the introduction of classes on domestic economy. From the first my mother took great interest in these schools, and when the Education Act of 1870 came into force she became one of the appointed managers. She rejoiced in the good reports which year by year were received from the Government Inspectors as to the intellectual status of the children, but she took

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at least an equal interest in their physical welfare. Now she would provide a mattress on which half-a-dozen tired little mites could go to sleep. Another time she would issue a circular to parents urging on them the importance of clothing their children in high-necked dresses with long sleeves. [My mother's strong views as to the warm clothing of children were intensified by the dangerous attack of congestion of the lungs, the result of a chill, through which her son Russell passed when he was two years old, when humanly speaking my mother's nursing saved his life—for eight days and nights in succession she scarcely left his side.] She constantly visited the schools and delighted to show them to strangers passing through Norwich, especially to those skilled in education, from whom she often gleaned hints and suggestions. Among others who visited the Schools under her guidance were Mr. Matthew Arnold, the Rev. Brooke Lambert, Miss Mary

Carpenter, Mr. A. J. Mundella, and the Hon. Lyulph Stanley. My mother was ever ready to talk with the teachers over their work, and not many days passed when she was at Carrow without an interview with one or other of the head teachers (Mr. Beales, Miss Ellwood, and Miss Saville), who came to ask her help and counsel.

Carrow  
Sunday  
School.

For many years my mother used regularly to teach the senior class of girls, which still meets on Sunday afternoons. From happy memories of the years when I was a member of this class there come recollections of the infinite pains she took to find up photographs, illustrations, or actual objects themselves, to make real the lesson she was taking. Then too, it was a work of love to her to hunt through commentaries and kindred books and pick the wheat from the chaff. And through the whole lesson would run that broad sympathy and shrewd common sense which

were among her most marked characteristics. As years passed by and her daughters grew up she gradually relinquished the teaching of this class to them, but her interest in it never flagged, and it was an annual delight to her to welcome the members for a long day at her sea-side home at Corton.

Carrow  
Works  
Kitchen,  
started in  
1868.

The Carrow Works kitchen, which has for its object the sale of good food at cheap rates to the Carrow workpeople, had its beginning in 1868 in a room adjoining a cottage in the stable yard. My mother writes on February 3rd, 1868 to one of her brothers :

I hope in a week or two to begin cooking for our workmen. I hope to furnish a pint of coffee with milk and sugar for 1d. and a  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of hot meat with gravy and potatoes for 3d. The price is to cover the cost of the uncooked meat etc. whilst the cooking expenses will be paid by the firm, and I shall be a kind of "lady superintendent" to see that the cooking goes on all right.

The demand for meals proved to be so great



that fresh premises had soon to be provided, and the present kitchen on Carrow Hill was opened in 1874. In the internal management of this kitchen my mother was closely concerned. Sometimes it would be to suggest a fresh kind of dinner, or to smooth over any little rough places in the daily routine, while several of the later developments, such as that by which early tea and coffee can be obtained at 5.45 a.m. before the works open, and tea at 6 p.m. when they close, were more or less due to her suggestion. At regular intervals, moreover, the book with records of the number of meals served out would be brought to her by Mr. Easter, the clerk who has the special oversight of the kitchen, so that she might notice the fluctuations in the kind of food preferred and decide the best way of meeting the demands. That the kitchen is growing in usefulness is proved by the fact that whereas in the first year of its opening 9677 pints of

tea and coffee were supplied, and 13,990 dinners, in the year ending Michaelmas 1895 the pints of tea, coffee and cocoa had grown to 99,962 and the dinners to 32,729. At the present time tea and coffee (at a halfpenny for half a pint) can be obtained at 5.45 a.m., 8.30 a.m., and 6 p.m., while dinners varying from 1d. to 4d. are served out at 1 p.m. on every weekday except Saturday.

Carrow Sick  
Visitors.

It was in 1872 that a visitor, Mr. C. H. Buck, was appointed, whose duty it was to work among the men employed at Carrow, and more particularly to investigate, and if necessary help, cases of special need. For fourteen years Mr. Buck laboured unceasingly until ill-health compelled him to resign in 1886, when he was succeeded by Mr. Rodwell who still holds the position. Seeing the invaluable work which was thus being done among the men, my mother became extremely anxious that a lady should be appointed whose special duty it

would be to work on similar lines among the women and girls employed at Carrow. The members of the firm cordially agreed with her wish, and in 1874 Miss Kate Southall accepted the post. Miss Southall writes to me :

When I began my work at Carrow, the Refreshment Rooms [where the girls can spend the breakfast and dinner hours] were nearly ready for use, until which time the girls used to collect at mid-day in two small rooms over the stables, and it was here I got to know them a little, together with their needs. The visitation of their homes was commenced, and this, I believe, laid the foundation of all future influence over them. The work at the beginning was extremely difficult in various ways but under your dear mother's wise and loving counsel I was able to surmount many difficulties which otherwise would have overcome me. Mr. and Mrs. Colman both told me when engaging me that I should find it hard work but I never regretted taking it up, and with Mrs. Colman's ever ready and kindly advice to guide and direct, my work became a pleasure and joy to me. Not one jarring note ever occurred between us during the fourteen years I had the privilege of working under her considerate and loving rule.

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On Miss Kate Southall's resignation in 1887 owing to failing strength, after thirteen years' devoted work, Miss Clow, the present visitor, was appointed. It was to my mother that these visitors, both among the men and the women, constantly turned for help and advice; in fact scarcely a day passed during the time she was at Carrow when she had not a talk or consultation with one or the other. Since the early days when these visitors were appointed, many developments have grown naturally and steadily out of small beginnings. One, which had my mother's special sympathy, is the sewing class for girls, held in the Refreshment Room during the dinner hour under the superintendence of Miss Clow and her helpers. Here the girls make up useful garments for themselves, and sometimes for giving away, from material which they buy at wholesale prices—the number of articles made up during 1894 being 1234 at a total value of about £150.

Home for  
Girls, opened  
in 1884.

Some years' experience of the needs of many of the girls employed at Carrow Works, of their loneliness, of the moral danger surrounding them strongly impressed on my mother's mind the necessity for a home where those who wished could obtain comfortable food and lodging at a cheap rate and with safe surroundings. My father cordially agreed with her, and in 1884 a cottage home was opened in Mill Lane, Bracondale, where four girls could lodge under the care of a matron. This home has since been enlarged and at the present time thirteen girls are lodging there. The furnishing of this house was a real delight to my mother, particularly in the providing of books and pictures to give it a cheery home-like aspect. She also entered personally into the histories of most of the girls who applied for admission, and their special circumstances of loneliness and need.

Since about 1875 a trained sick nurse has

Carrow  
Works  
Sick Nurse.

been employed to visit cases of sickness among Carrow workpeople, the average number of visits paid per week being about forty-five. Here, again, my mother was constantly appealed to for advice and help in cases of special hardship or difficulty—help which she delighted to give. She also regularly inspected the book containing records of visits paid by the nurse.

The Carrow  
Works  
Almanac.

The drawing up of the Carrow Works almanac, to be given to every employé at Christmas time, was one of my mother's special though minor pieces of work. As each winter came round she was largely responsible for the picture which should appear on the almanac, trying to find out what would give most general pleasure to the people. One year it would be a photograph of Carrow Works, next time of The Clyffe, Corton, another time of the partners in the firm, and yet again of the travellers employed in connection with Carrow. Every year, too, the almanac—in addition to details as

to the classes, clubs and various other agencies carried on at Carrow—would contain either some verses of poetry, or a few specially noteworthy prose extracts, and always some practical hints and receipts relating to food and hygiene. In the choice of these my mother took infinite pains.

Blanket and  
parcel distri-  
bution.

The annual blanket and parcel distribution was a work after her own heart. During the year the two Visitors among the Carrow people would make a note of the families most needing and deserving assistance, and as October came round my mother would meet the Visitors to discuss each case and to compile a list of a hundred families, noting at the same time the age of the children in each and any special circumstances of need. Then came the making up of the parcels of clothing, each parcel being accompanied by a loan blanket to be returned the following spring. Finally there was the distribution,

when the women came up to tea and to receive their parcels from my mother, together with some word of encouragement or, if necessary, exhortation—usually the former, for to praise was more natural to her than to blame.

The First  
Day School  
for men.

The origin of the First Day School for men illustrates my mother's habitual promptitude. "Veni, vidi, vici" was her attitude towards obstacles which stood in the way of anything which she wanted to accomplish. It happened that some years ago her brother Sydney took the chair at the annual meeting of the Friends' First Day School at Goat Lane, Norwich. He was much struck by what he saw (the work was then unknown to him), and he came in to Carrow House the next morning full of enthusiasm, to describe to my mother what he had seen. My mother was immediately fired with a desire to see if such a school could not be started at Carrow. She lost not an hour before making preliminary



arrangements and in a week or two the school was opened. It has continued to flourish ever since, thanks largely to the devotion of the Superintendent (Mr. Beales) and his helpers, and to the energy and enthusiasm of the men themselves. A later development is the Women's First Day School which meets on Sunday afternoon under the superintendence of Miss Mary Smith and Miss Gertrude Miller.

Sundry Carrow Works agencies.

And so one might run through a long list of other agencies at Carrow in which my mother was interested—the Refreshment Rooms where those who wish can spend their meal-times and read the papers, the Medical Club, the Sick Benefit Society (which numbers among its members 520 women and girls), the Clothing Club (which gives a bonus of 1d. in the shilling up to £1, and which started in 1867 with 70 depositors and has at present 960 members), the Evening School, the Technical Classes, the

Workmen's Evening Club, the Lending Library, the agency for the sale of new milk to the people (over 90,000 pints were sold during last year), the various weekly meetings for girls, the almshouses for old pensioners, etc. In one way or another my mother was concerned in all, sometimes as an occasional adviser, sometimes as a more regular helper.

My mother's  
affection for  
Carrow  
people.

Her affection for the Carrow people went on growing steadily all through her life. With many she came into specially close contact—sometimes in connection with the management of the various agencies alluded to, sometimes it was their ordinary daily work which would bring them into association with her; and if they found her ever ready to suggest and encourage, she on her part would often say how grateful she was for the thoroughness, the eagerness to carry out suggestions, the esprit de corps which, she declared, characterised the Carrow people. And if in this connection

I shrink from mentioning special names, it is because the multitude of those whom I have in mind, from Mr. Haselwood (the head of the counting-house) downwards, who in their own degree and in their own province helped my mother, is so large that to individualise seems impossible. This only I will say, that my mother felt an intense gratitude to all those who from the highest to the lowest strove to maintain, to raise, the moral as well as the commercial standing of the firm. Nor can I omit to mention that she was deeply touched when ever and again some season of special joy or special sorrow came to her, her husband and her children, by the spontaneous way in which the Carrow people showed that they too shared in the joy or the sorrow.\*

\* I am glad to take this opportunity of expressing sincere thanks to Mr. Clowes, Mr. Easter, Mr. Beales, and Miss Clow for help given me in their special departments during the writing of this sketch. Had I had occasion to turn to other Carrow friends for assistance, I know from long experience it would have been just as willingly given.

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My mother's life was so busy—and she never allowed her home claims to be pushed aside—that it would have been impossible for her to have attended to all her manifold duties outside, had it not been that from 1867 to 1877 (during the time when her children were young), she had the invaluable assistance of her old friend and school-fellow—Lucy Clarkson. Lucy Clarkson was a woman who had the rare gift of “never being either in the way or out of the way,” and during the ten years that she lived at Carrow House, she was able to aid my mother in an infinite number of ways. In this connection I should also mention Miss Barrett, sister of the Rev. G. S. Barrett, who was for many years governess at Carrow House and is still a valued friend. Nor were the other inmates of her house less faithful—indeed my mother often used to speak with intense thankfulness of the fact that, as it had been in the home of her girlhood,

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so it was in her later home: that she had around her many servants (coachmen and gardeners as well as household servants) for whose long years of cheerful devoted work she could never be too grateful.

Her interest  
in education.

She took a special interest in several of the educational schemes which were started in the city—thus, for example, she heartily sympathised with the Cambridge University Extension Lectures and often attended them.

My mother's time was so fully occupied with schemes specially connected with Carrow that it was impossible for her to take much active part in the management of the general Norwich Charities. To many she was however a regular subscriber and as Christmas or St. Valentine's Day came round she would send hampers of good things to one and another of them.

Her interest  
in the Jenny  
Lind Infirmary.

Her special interest in the Jenny Lind Infirmary for Sick Children dated from the time of my brother's dangerous illness in

1863—already alluded to—when she realised more than ever before how much good nursing and care can do, and as a thank-offering for his recovery became a life-governor.

Lakenham  
School.

Another institution in which she took particular interest was an Industrial School at Lakenham of which my father happens to be chairman, where girls are received and trained for service. I well remember how, when she visited this Home and was asked to write in the visitors' book, instead of the usual stereotyped form of unqualified approval and pious aspiration that the inmates may duly appreciate their many privileges, my mother who was ever "rich in saving common-sense" would enter some practical suggestion that the cut of the girls' jackets might be altered with advantage, that merino stockings should be provided in place of cotton, or that a new bath room was needed. The revised dietary and improved style of dress at present

in use there were largely her handiwork, the committee having gladly adopted the suggestions which she drew up after consultation with some of the other governors' wives.

My mother took her share in the civic life of Norwich, especially in 1862-3 when my father was Sheriff and in 1867-8 when he served the city as Mayor.

Her interest  
in politics.

Also during the twenty-four years of my father's Parliamentary life as representative of Norwich (from 1871 to 1895) she was ever ready to show her sympathy with the Liberal cause—so long as this did not involve her in public speaking, for which she had a shrinking quite unconquerable. Her interest in politics was no growth of later years; indeed it dated from her early school days in Norwich. Political sympathy—so often a mere accidental bias due to association and environment—was with her an intense and deep-rooted principle. She was Liberal, but not in any cut-and-dried

official sense—in fact her intense love of freedom both for herself and for others led her to look with apprehension on some of the recent developments of the new Radical creed. Compulsion of any kind was foreign to her nature; thus she regarded with dread the modern tendency to make a fetish of the State and to crush out individual enterprise and development by cast-iron Acts of Parliament.

“Freedom, great solace to man gives.  
He lives at ease who freely lives.”

*Barbour.*

During her whole life she had enjoyed the infinite blessing of freedom—freedom to think out her own thoughts and to work out her own designs, and what she treasured for herself she jealously guarded for others

Her friendship for the late J. H. Tillett.

My mother used to trace her early interest in politics in a large measure to the influence of the late Mr. J. H. Tillett, whom she often met when she was a school-girl in Norwich.



In after years her friendship with Mr. Tillett continued and she dearly loved discussing current questions political and otherwise with him, and also with another sturdy Liberal, and near neighbour of hers, Mr. J. D. Smith of Bracondale—a man whose friendship she valued very highly.

Her natural interest in politics was fostered by the fact that during many years of her life she was necessarily brought into close connection with the political world, for her husband was in Parliament from 1871 to 1895; her son-in-law was also an M.P., while from 1885 onwards her brother Herbert has represented North Norfolk in the House of Commons.





## CHAPTER IV.

### *Her Life at Corton.*

**L**IFE at Carrow was so busy—there were so many people to see, so many details to attend to, that the change to the quiet of her seaside home, The Clyffe, Corton, a mile and a half north of Lowestoft, was especially delightful to my mother. It was bought by my father in 1869, and from that time the place has year by year grown in beauty and in cherished association. The house stands on the top of the cliff with a steep slope of grass leading down from the drawing-room window to the

Her home  
at Corton.

level of the sea and is the most easterly inhabited spot in Great Britain. In 1869 much of what is now garden was uncultivated common, and in the subsequent laying out and planting my mother was in her element—for she inherited her father's fondness for landscape gardening—knowing nearly every shrub and plant by name, with a keen eye to detect where clearing was desirable or where a peep of the sea might be opened, and with an inveterate dislike of ribbon-bordering, pattern beds ("hearthrugs on the grass," as her friend Dr. Hooker described them) and all formality, she was ever planning fresh improvements. In short, Corton in its present state was her creation. In 1874 the house was enlarged, and here again one of my mother's special tastes—her fondness for architecture—came into play. Indeed she was never happier than when drawing out and discussing building plans. To take another example, when in later years



land of the sea and is the most easterly  
situated spot in Great Britain. In 1859  
much of what is now garden was uncultivated  
common, and in the subsequent laying out  
and planting Mr. Walker was in her element—  
for she inherited her father's fondness for  
household gardening—knowing nearly every  
shrub and plant by name, with a keen eye to  
general effect, nature was desirable to where  
a spot of the sea might be opened, and with an  
admiration for the old ribbon-borders, pattern  
lawns, "borders of the green," as her friend  
Mr. Walker described them, and all fancifully,  
she was ever pouring fresh impressions  
In short, Corbin in its present state was her  
pride. In 1864 the house was enlarged, and  
here again she set her mother's special taste—  
her love of the "richness"—came into play.  
Corbin was never happier than when  
driving out and watching building plans. To  
her mother's example, when in later years



*E. Frith & Co., Photo.*

*Belmont.*

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Carrow Abbey was restored as far as might be to its original form, my mother took a deep interest in the work and was full of practical suggestions.

As to the alterations at Corton, I remember hearing her describe how the plans had been drawn out, discussed and decided upon (they were largely her own work) when she happened to light upon a new book on architecture. Eager for fresh hints she began studying it and came therein upon the dictum that where possible the dining-room ought not to be placed next to the hall door, nor ought it to have a west aspect. Both these faults happened to apply to the dining-room as then designed. But my mother gave her mind to the problem of reconstruction and soon found means to avoid both these drawbacks.

And it was not only in adding to her own house that her love of architecture found scope, for she was never happier than when poring



over plans for new cottages for tenants, whether at Corton or Carrow, suggesting here an addition and there an alteration so that some little extra comfort might be secured.

Corton  
Visitors.

During her visits to Corton, in the spring, the summer, and at Christmas time, my mother delighted in welcoming friends there, judging that very little formal "entertaining" of visitors was necessary—just freedom to wander about in the garden and on the beach. No friends did my father and she welcome more gladly than those who were familiarly known as "summer migrants"—Nonconformist ministers, each of whom came down for a week or so in July or August and whose only duty during the time was to preach at Lowestoft or Corton on the Sunday. How my mother enjoyed those long summer days, sitting out in the garden with a job of needle work, or stringing lavender for the sick at Carrow, and listening to or talking with those with

whom she had so much in common. Many of those who were specially dear to her have already passed into the unseen world—Dr. Binney, Mr. Baldwin Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Allon of Islington, Mr. Joshua Harrison, Dr. R. W. Dale of Birmingham, all these had crossed the stream before her; but some, such as Dr. Stoughton, Dr. Guinness Rogers of Clapham, Mr. Edward White, Dr. Berry of Wolverhampton, Mr. G. B. Johnson of Torquay, Mr. Wheeler, Dr. Barrett and Mr. Shakespeare of Norwich still remain. Often, too, some fagged-out M.P.s would run down for the week-end to be braced up by the East Coast breezes, and these, again, she delighted to welcome. Among such were—in addition to those mentioned lower down—the late Henry Winterbotham, Charles Gilpin, Henry Richard, Sir Edward Baines and Sir Charles Reed; also, among those still living, Sir Isaac Holden, William Woodall, Alfred Illingworth,

Augustine Birrell, Thomas Burt, George Howell and Henry Broadhurst. Ordinary society life had for my mother no attractions. She dearly loved receiving friends at her seaside home at Corton but for the rush and turmoil of fashionable life she had an unconquerable horror. Her love for the country was, in fact, so intense that she was invulnerable to the varied charms even of London, and when there never felt otherwise than as a sojourner and a pilgrim. Among those whom at different times she welcomed at Corton were Sir James and Lady Paget, Sir George and Lady Humphry, and Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson (who stayed there together in 1891 on the occasion of a medical gathering in Lowestoft), Mr. Peel (when he was Speaker of the House of Commons, a man for whom my mother had a very warm regard), Mr. and Mrs. Childers, Professor and Mrs. Bryce, Mr. John Morley, and Dr. Jessopp—to say nothing of her ordinary

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circle of friends whom she delighted in supplying with "retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books." One of my mother's chief delights at Corton was to listen to reading aloud—Scott's novels having a special and never-failing charm for her.

Sometimes she would ask down some little orphan girls belonging to an orphanage in London established by her friend Miss Pipe, at whose boarding school at Laleham, Clapham Park, her four daughters in succession had spent many happy years. These orphans my mother would board out, two at a time, at a gardener's cottage for a fortnight's holiday.

One of my mother's friends and neighbours at Lowestoft was Lady Smith, who died on Feb. 3, 1877, at the undoubted age of 103. The register of her birth runs thus: "Christenings in Lowestoft A.D. 1773, May 12, Pleasance, daughter of Robert and Pleasance Reeve, John Arrow, Vicar." At the age of

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twenty-three she married Sir James Smith, a well-known botanist and founder of the Linnæan Society, who died in 1828. Lady Smith was a charming old lady, intelligent, bright and vivacious, with her memory unimpaired and her interest in current events undimmed. She dearly loved intellectual society, and among her special friends had been the late Professor Sedgwick, Dr. Whewell, and Dean Stanley. She retained her faculties in a marvellous degree to the end, and to within a couple of years of her death was able to read the *Times*. She frequently drove out; indeed, only a few weeks before her death she came to call at Corton in an open carriage—for she scouted the idea of closed traps with as much vigour as she showed to her doctor when he had the temerity to suggest that, having passed the age of 100, she had better give up the glass of ale she was in the habit of enjoying at

dinner. On one occasion, when comparing old times with new, Lady Smith gravely assured my mother that her constitution had been permanently undermined by want of proper food when at boarding school—regardless of the fact that she was then over 100. Interesting accounts of the old lady appear in the *Times* of Feb. 3 and 8, 1877.

Life at Corton was by no means all play. Thus my mother writes to Letheringsett from Corton :

Even in this quiet retreat I have often busy days. Yesterday the Senior Classes from the Prince's Street School came over before 2 o'clock, and I was busy for two hours walking about the grounds and talking to them. Then Ethel and I went with them to the Café and treated them to cakes and lemonade—they had to get back to tea in Lowestoft. I drove down and saw the "special" start with them, and the boys were as lively as if they were then beginning their day's outing . . . . To-day Garrett Taylor and Doggett arrived at 11 to go over the plans for a new Café at Trowse. Since Garrett Taylor left

at 12., Doggett, Spurgeon\* and I have been giving some more attention to the plans and I think they will do very nicely, and I hope it may be begun and finished before next winter . . . . We are expecting our clerks from Carrow and our foremen to dine here next Wednesday, about fifty without ourselves.

Moreover there was at Corton, as at Carrow, a never ending supply of letters to be attended to—"A trouble which you mow down each day, and each day see a new crop rising up for the scythe."

Corton  
Chapel.

When my father and mother came to Corton in 1869 there was no Nonconformist Chapel nearer than Lowestoft, and for the first few years they attended sometimes there and sometimes at Yarmouth. But in 1874 a small Chapel was opened in Corton, the foundation stone of which had been laid by my mother in the

\*J. Doggett and W. Spurgeon are the superintendents of the carpenters and the bricklayers at Carrow. For both of them my mother had the highest possible esteem.

previous year, and this Chapel my father and mother and their family regularly attended. A schoolroom was subsequently added at the back of the Chapel where a Sunday School is held. For many years past the Rev. W. R. Dawson has been the minister at this Chapel, and in him my mother found a willing helper in carrying out her schemes for the general welfare of the village. Though a strong Nonconformist by conviction as well as by upbringing, all bigotry was absolutely foreign to my mother's nature, and she was on friendly terms with various vicars who have held the Corton living since she came to the village—while with one of them, the Rev. W. A. Campbell, now living in Australia, she kept up a regular correspondence to the last.

Corton  
Coffee  
House.

My father and mother were strongly impressed with the need for a coffee house in the village, and in 1882 they built and opened the



"Anchor Café." From the first my mother took an intense interest in this undertaking—going over the building plans, choosing furniture for the rooms, visiting other cafés in order to glean hints as to rules of management or tariff, and after the place was opened being constantly ready to advise, suggest, or clear away difficulties. Subsequently a bowling green was added at the back of the café and my mother delighted in taking down visitors to watch a game of bowls among the villagers.

In 1890 my father built a Village Room adjoining the Café where concerts are given, meetings and technical classes held, a lending and reference library kept, and bagatelle, draughts, etc. provided. On Sunday afternoons it is used for the Men and Boys' First Day School, while on week-nights during the winter venetian iron work and wood carving classes are held there. In one and all of these undertakings—as also in the cookery classes for

girls which she started in the village some years ago—my mother was keenly interested.

Her love for Corton went on growing all through her life. Thus she writes to her brother Herbert in September 1893:

Each year I enjoy this place more and more. The quiet repose suits one who is in the sixties! There is one comfort that the beauties of Nature can be enjoyed even to old age if you have not to go far to find them, and here there is the ever-lovely, ever-changing sea.





## CHAPTER V.

### *Her Home Life.*

**A**S we, her children, grew up we began to marvel how it was that in the midst of the many duties pressing upon our mother, she was never worried or anxious, and we came to realise that it was because "the peace of God that passeth all understanding" was hers. And so it followed that she was free from the gnawing restlessness of modern life; work—good measure, pressed

down and running over—was hers, but she never worried about to-morrow's duties, being content with picking up the golden moments as they swept by in the stream of life.

"A hand was stretched to her from out the dark  
Which, grasping without question, she was led  
Where there was work which she must do for God."  
*Lowell.*

*Her views  
on formal  
creeds.*

In one sense my mother was, as the Friends are described by their own poet Whittier, "vague of creed and barren of rite"—that is to say she had an instinctive shrinking from a formal ritual and an ornate religious service, as also from all cast-iron creeds and rigid formulæ. So that though she clung with an intense devotion to what she regarded as the broad verities of the Christian faith, there was ever present the underlying conviction that "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

*Her views  
on hetero-  
doxy.*

Writing in 1865 she says :

I think Christians have erred grievously in raising the cry of heterodoxy at every new scientific discovery

that seemed at first sight to clash with the Bible, forgetting that nature is but the writing of the finger of God and therefore cannot really contradict the Bible if we translate His revealed Word aright. There are, no doubt, great difficulties to be encountered in the study of the Old Testament—many of them will never, in all probability, be unravelled for us in this world, but I think we should condemn the rising generation to a terrible loss if we discarded the Old Testament histories from their Bible. They *must* encounter the difficulties, and I don't think anything would be gained by carefully keeping all these difficulties in the background until a boy is old enough to discover them all for himself. If we can but instil into the minds of the young the fundamental truths that God cannot do wrong though His ways are often mysterious to us and that it is only by planting our feet firmly on the Rock of Ages that we can be safe from all danger, we shall accomplish all we can hope to do in this life.

And again, writing to one of her brothers :

I am thankful to know that your hatred of dry systematic theological definitions which nobody can comprehend is as intense as my own feeling on that

subject. "Doctrines" resemble somewhat the bones of a skeleton, which, however necessary to support the frame, are very unsightly until covered by something more substantial and far more beautiful than themselves. Would it not be far better if instead of disputing about the necessity of good works and the reverse, Christians would be content to practise them? but unhappily it is far more easy to theorise than to act.

"The larger hope."

My mother held passionately what is termed "the larger hope." For example, among her notes for her Senior class are these words :

My whole nature revolts from expressions I hear every now and again made use of by those who are eminently godly men and at whose feet I would willingly sit,—expressions which speak of the heathen universally in terms which with the Bible in my hand I feel irreconcilable with verses such as some in Romans ii. and with the general tenor of revelation concerning our race. God causes His sun to shine upon the just and the unjust and I cannot but remember the glorious hint Paul gives of the moral purposes of God—that He would lead to a change of heart by His very goodness.

Among her favourite lines were those of Faber :

“There’s a wideness in God’s mercy  
Like the wideness of the sea :  
There’s a kindness in His justice  
Which is more than liberty.  
For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man’s mind  
And the Heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.”

She had an intense dread lest the theory of salvation should be so pared down as to depend on the utterance of some particular shibboleth, believing that

“Whom the heart of man shuts out,  
Sometimes the heart of God takes in.”

*Lowell.*

Her long and close friendship with the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown of Brixton had its origin in their sympathy on this point. Writing to her mother from London on June 7, 1880 she says :

In the evening we went to hear Stopford Brooke. I thought it a very fine sermon and I never heard the

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doctrine of everlasting punishment so tremendously preached against. Was it not strange that I should just come in for hearing this? The text was "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

My mother was a sturdy optimist—perhaps it was a necessary part of her sunny nature. Therefore she would never admit that either temporarily or spiritually the world was going downhill. Thwartings, discouragements, and delays would occur, but she firmly believed that somewhere, somewhen, after the chaff had been winnowed and the dross purged, all would come to know the truth. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

She was a Nonconformist, but as to the minor differences in doctrine and polity which separated the various sects—Congregational, Baptist, Wesleyan, etc.—she cared little. Brought up a Wesleyan, after her marriage she attended for many years St. Mary's Baptist



Chapel, while for the last twenty years of her life she was a member of Prince's Street Congregational Church, of which the Rev. G. S. Barrett, D.D. is the pastor—a man for whom as a preacher she had a great admiration, while as a friend she felt for him a deep affection.

Her views  
on conver-  
sion and  
open com-  
munion.

My mother's broad views on religious matters showed themselves especially in relation to the questions of conversion and of open communion. As to the first, she says in a letter to one who had turned to her for guidance :

I do believe that immense injury is done by many writers and preachers representing conversion as an instantaneous change leading instantly from black darkness to broad daylight. This description does not answer to general experience—the slow imperceptible expansion of the acorn into the oak is a more correct analogy. Do not harass your mind with anxious doubts as to whether you are a Christian or not, but cast yourself in humble trustful faith on that Saviour who can enter perfectly into all

your sorrows and struggles. It often strikes me that the fear of losing the belief in Christ's divinity sometimes leads people not to lay sufficient stress upon His humanity. It is true it was His divinity which saved us but it is His manhood which links Him so closely to us.

My mother objected to all restrictions hedging in the communion table to those who had openly and formally declared themselves to be Christians. Thus writing to her mother on June 7, 1880 from London she says:

Yesterday we all went to Dr. Allon's [Union Chapel, Islington] in the morning. It was a great treat. We remained to the communion service. The invitation was *quite an open one*, just as I think it ought always to be—nothing about communicants with other Christian churches and that sort of thing!

I remember hearing my mother read aloud the following words of the late Dr. R. W. Dale, saying at the same time how well they summed

up her own views on the essentials of Christianity :

When many evangelical Christians see the fire catching "the wood, the hay and the stubble" which have been built into the fair temple of Faith, they think that the gold, the silver, and the precious marble will perish in the flames. If a man begins to question any part of their system they say he is on the high road to infidelity. They insist that the whole must stand or fall together. If he cannot keep everything, he can keep nothing. Men take them at their word, and because the rising tide is sweeping away those parts of the Evangelical theology which are built on the sand, men conclude that none of it is built on the rock, and that the whole edifice will soon be destroyed. The only remedy is to be found in a more courageous faith in Truth. Let Evangelical Christians be loyal to Him who is the Light as well as the Life of men ; let them remember that He has come to lead us into "all the Truth."

She shows much the same point of view when she writes to her mother on June 8, 1887 :

Last night Mr. John Hunter of Glasgow preached in St. Mary's Chapel. I thought it one of the most

splendid sermons I ever listened to . . . This morning Mr.— told me he was shocked with the doctrines preached though he admitted it was a most eloquent discourse. He did not think Mr. Hunter preached “the good old doctrines.” I remarked: “So much the better with regard to some of them!”

Her sympathy with scientific research.

All her life my mother delighted in trying to keep abreast of scientific theories. Thus in 1866 she writes:

The other week we had two lectures from Mr. Pengelly of Torquay on the ossiferous caverns of Devonshire when he showed us some of the flint implements and touched a little upon the new theories as to the antiquity of man. Some of the “orthodox” are terribly alarmed at his discoveries but I am old enough to remember the time when all the old women of both sexes were up in arms against Pye Smith because he fancied it took more than six days to create the earth! This ought to teach a lesson to their descendants not to condemn scientific discoveries because they think they militate against the facts of Scripture history, for possibly their interpretation of the latter is as likely to be wrong as the hypotheses of the geologists.

Her lection-  
ary.

One piece of work which my mother did in 1890 was to compile for private circulation a lectionary for use at family prayers. In her short preface she says :

This lectionary is arranged so that the readings from the historical books of the New Testament, namely the Gospels and the Acts, shall be as nearly as possible equi-distant from each other. The epistles are arranged chronologically, and the Psalms are interspersed between the other books, so as to obtain as much variety as possible without breaking the continuity of any history or epistle.

Her love for  
her kith and  
kin.

Ingrained in my mother was her affection for her kith and kin—for her father and mother, her brothers and sisters, and as years passed on and she married, for her husband and children. Thus she writes to one of her brothers :

What a blessing it is to feel that there are a "chosen few" whose affection for us, and ours for them, is so deeply inwrought into their and our

being that it can never know any change or diminution. Those who have a goodly number of brothers and sisters like you and me have the advantage of being able to admit more into this "inner charmed circle" than those who have fewer near relatives. It is possible to "sow the earth thick with friendships" but there are no friendships so deep and true and lasting as one's own immediate circle, one's own kith and kin.

And again in her letter to her mother describing the celebration of her silver wedding day on September 25 1881, she speaks of the love which her husband and her children bore her as "worth more to me than all the diamonds of Golconda."

**Her ties of  
friendship**

But although the love of kith and kin was peculiarly strong in my mother, yet she had many friends to whom she was united by ties as close as those of clan.

As I write many a face rises up of one and another whom my mother loved, both for what they were in themselves, for what they

did and still more perhaps for what they strove in vain to do, for never was there any one who felt more intensely than did she that "high failure o'erleaps the bounds of low success."

Among old Norwich friends who have passed away concerning whom my mother used to speak with special warmth were Mrs. Dowson, Mrs. Sewell (author of "Mother's Last Words"), and Mr. Henry Birkbeck of Stoke.

Among those who are living it is difficult to individualise. Rather, I would ask all those who shared my mother's inner friendship to believe that even if not mentioned here by name they are each gratefully remembered by us.

As for her influence over those she loved so well, it was an ever-present incentive to strive towards whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, for hers was "one of those natures in which, if they love us, we

are conscious of having a sort of baptism, and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us."

Since my mother had such a deep affection for her kith and kin it came about naturally that anything affecting the welfare of those so dear to her interested her very deeply, and thus when one and another of her brothers and sisters married, each wife or husband whom they brought into the family found a special niche in her heart. And as their children grew up around them each nephew and niece was always sure of a welcome from "Aunt Cary."

As to her own children, from their earliest days she was willing to sacrifice everything to their welfare, and entered with an intense interest into anything that concerned them, not only in the greater matters of life but in the smaller things as well—the fitting up of a studio, or the pursuit of a hobby; nothing was too insignificant for her to care about.



The years of my mother's married life, so busy and filled with varied interests, slipped quickly by, with ever and again some special family or public event to mark a particular year. In the following chapter mention is made of several of these incidents.

She was a firm believer in the doctrine "There's no place like home"; thus she writes to her mother from Bournemouth in February 1885 :

To-morrow we turn homewards, and I never need tell you that that is always a pleasant sensation with me !

Nevertheless she paid several visits abroad, to Switzerland, the Riviera, Ems, Aix-les-Bains, etc.—her first visit to Switzerland was in 1867, when with characteristic care she kept near the rail in case of bad news about her "chicks" at home. She also visited Yorkshire, The Lakes, the Isle of Wight, Scotland, Malvern, Devonshire, and Cornwall, and spent

some happy times at Treborth, North Wales, the home of her dearly-loved friends Mr. and Mrs. Davies, the father and mother of her son's wife.

Visits to her old home at Letheringsett were a great delight to my mother, the rest of a few days' perfect peace in the country amid those she loved so well being inexpressibly welcome after her busy Carrow life.

As years had passed by most of the sons and daughters had married and dispersed to homes of their own. Three of my mother's brothers—Clement, Theobald, and Sydney—had settled in Norfolk, while Herbert had become a barrister and Q.C. in London. Of her sisters, Cecy and subsequently Kathleen had married and gone to Huddersfield, Agnes meanwhile remaining at Letheringsett to care for the old folks. But happy family gatherings often took place there.

graphs of Professors Huxley, Tyndall, Sedgwick, Owen, Rolleston, Adams, Glaisher, Leone Levi, and many others, which were given to my father and mother by these various savants as a memento of the gathering. From time to time various other societies met in the old city, and it was a delight to my mother to aid my father in offering them a welcome, she loved Norwich with an intense love, was proud of its architectural beauty, delighted in recalling its history and the famous men and women who had belonged to it, gloried in fact in being "a citizen of no mean city."

Visits from  
other Socie-  
ties.

In 1873 the Social Science Congress met in Norwich and my mother did what she could to give the members a pleasant impression of the city. To no congress did my mother extend a warmer welcome than to the British Medical Association which met in Norwich in 1874, when the members were invited to luncheon at the Carrow Works Schoolroom.

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she used to describe how much she enjoyed the week, the pleasant people whom she entertained and the interest with which she used to attend the various sections. Among the guests who stayed at Carrow House on this occasion were Sir Charles Lyell and his wife, to both of whom my mother became deeply attached. Another guest who stayed at Carrow for the British Association was a courtly old Italian, Cristoforo Negri, with whom intercourse was somewhat difficult, inasmuch as he could not speak a word of English while my father and mother knew no Italian. However, the old man struck up a great friendship with them, and left behind him at Carrow a few lines in his native tongue, which, translated, read "Your own Shakespeare has told us that silence has its eloquence no less than words. May I hope this is so in my case?" Among interesting relics of this gathering is an album containing photo-

got tea comfortably after the guests had departed.

Some Carrow Visitors.

My mother's visitors' book at Carrow shows that she was certainly catholic in her hospitality—the signatures of Lord Rosebery, Sir Joseph Hooker, Lord Kimberley, General Booth, the Master of Trinity, Mr. and Mrs. Stansfeld, Sir Henry Roscoe, Mr. D. L. Moody, Dr. George MacDonald and Mr. Augustine Birrell jostling against each other on the various pages. Most of her Carrow visitors were however (unlike those at Corton) on work rather than on leisure bent—now it would be to attend a political gathering, now to deliver a lecture, or yet again, last but not least, to shoot pheasants, and so it came about that it was at Corton rather than at Carrow that most of her closer friendships were fostered.

Visits of the Prince of Wales.

On two occasions when the Prince of Wales visited Norwich my father and mother entertained him at luncheon at Carrow. The

first was in November 1880 when he visited the Annual Cattle Show in Norwich, and the second was in the spring of 1886 when he came to pay a private visit to the site at Crown Point where the Royal Agricultural Show was to be held. On Nov. 21 1880 my mother wrote to her brother Herbert:

I did not find it such a dreadful ordeal as I expected, for the Prince was very pleasant and courteous and all passed off without any hitch. I think my radical notions helped me through the interview with royalty for they made me feel that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp  
The man's the gowd for a' that"!

Hero wor-  
ship.

My mother was something of a hero worshipper and delighted to make the acquaintance and listen to the talk of clever men and women whose path ever and again crossed hers—character and brains absolutely apart from position being what she cared for. For instance, she was fond of describing her delight

when, on the occasion of a certain scientific society's visit to Carrow, it was decided after some discussion that the President, a commoner and a distinguished botanist—with whom she felt sure of having many kindred subjects of interest—should take precedence of the ex-president though he happened to be a Duke, with whom she believed (probably erroneously) that she would have little in common. Indeed, titles had for my mother no attraction whatever, and when a few years ago a baronetcy was offered to my father, it was in accordance with her earnest wish—in which his own feeling concurred—that he declined it.

Among her early heroes were Edward Miall and Thomas Binney, the latter being the author of one of her favourite hymns beginning

“Eternal Light, Eternal Light !  
How pure the soul must be,  
When, placed within Thy searching sight,  
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight,  
Can live and look on Thee.”

Writing in 1868 she says :

We are going up to London in order to meet Dean Alford, Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, George MacDonald, Mr. Binney, etc. at dinner at Mr. Henry Allon's at Islington. It was a temptation I could not resist !

Norwich  
Floods, 1878

November 1878 is memorable as being the date of the great flood in Norwich. My mother writes to her mother as follows—and the letters show how she loved to fill in the interstices of her time :

I.

CARROW HOUSE, NORWICH,

Nov. 17, 1878.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

My note of last night will have prepared you to hear of some damage from the flood, but still you will be astounded when I tell you that some of the streets in the low part of the city are 5 or 6 ft. deep in water, and that the tide is so strong that in some parts even *boats* cannot get to the houses ! A meeting has been called at the Guildhall to-day, and they are organising relief for the poor people. Some are



being carted away to different school rooms and to the empty city gaol, and bread, tea and coffee are provided for the destitute. One policeman has been drowned in trying to rescue some one—I believe the current carried him away. Such a flood has not been known since 1762, we hear. At Carrow we shall be considerable sufferers but that seems nothing compared with the misery of the poor people at the other end of the city. The water has risen from the bottom of two of our warehouses. One is about a foot deep in water. There have been 150 men at work all night and to-day using the fire engines, etc. to keep the water from rising. Our Carrow Works Kitchen has been so useful. I have been busy this afternoon going about with Jeremiah to see the men at work and give directions about the kitchen. Mrs. Wilson (the cook at the kitchen) has made 300 pints of soup this afternoon for the pumpers, and also coffee.

It seems so unlike a Sunday. Nobbs' cottage across the river is flooded in the lower rooms so the family have been got out in our cart, and it was all the horse could do to get there. One of the daughters has been bed-ridden for a year, but as the lesser of two evils of course it was best to remove her as no one could answer for the safety of that old cottage. I have been to see her as she is removed to the

Dispensary close by, and I hope she will not be the worse for the upset.

At St. Mary's this morning the water was up to the top of the steps leading to the Chapel so that the service could not be held there.

Ever your affectionate daughter,

CAROLINE COLMAN.

II.

CARROW HOUSE, NORWICH,

November 18, 1878.

DEAREST MOTHER,

You will be glad to hear that the waters are abating, though slowly. I drove the children to-day to see the sight which I earnestly hope will be such a one as they will never see again.

We went to St. Mary's School-room where numbers of poor people were sitting with children. The little folks were quite happy and some of them said they wished the water would come every day! They had had such good meals that it was like a Sunday School treat to them. I found Mr. Samuel Culley hard at work superintending everything with lady helpers. They were in want of basins and spoons for the soup with which they had to supply 300 people,

so I went back to Carrow and sent off plenty of basins belonging to our Carrow Works crockery, and then went to the city and got spoons. Meanwhile I dropped my children at Jarrold's, and they chose out picture books and toys to amuse the little ones at St. Mary's, and Mr. Jarrold added some as his gift. We went back and left these things and then drove to the "Green Hills," whence we could see the full expanse of the river below Heigham. It looked like a lake rather than a river. We went to St. Martin's till we could go no further as boats were going along the street! St. Mary's Churchyard has water up part of the gravestones. We crossed over Duke's Palace Bridge again and went down St. Benet's to the Primitive Methodist Schoolroom. There I found a number being fed with tea and bread and butter, and a very few yards from there we saw the water in the street and boats on it. Here it must have affected a much better class of houses than at St. Martin's. Soon after 2.0. I started again, with Miss Southall this time, to find up ready-made clothing for the poor children who are at the gaol. All mine was cleared out ten days ago. I laid in a stock of cheap stockings and socks, and upper petticoats and wraps, and got a little flannel with needles, cotton, and calico for bands, and thimbles, enough to make six full-sized flannel

petticoats as I thought it would give a little occupation to some of the young women to make them up for themselves. There seemed to be great confusion at the gaol, and Mrs. Dakin wanted helpers greatly, so Miss Southall and her sister are gone to help. They have taken towels and soap and are going to help in washing the children and putting them to bed. Sleeping accommodation has been found at St. Mary's for large numbers, putting the women and children into the class rooms. That room looked bright and cheerful but the gaol was so dirty and miserable looking. It happened to be empty as it is no longer used for a gaol, so it has been a great comfort for the poor creatures, as at all events they are sheltered and fed.

Jeremiah went to the meeting in the Guildhall at noon to-day. They have raised £2000 for the relief fund. We ought not to think much of our loss at Carrow when we imagine what we should feel if the water were several feet deep in our sitting-rooms! I fear there will be likely to be an epidemic of fever after this.

Sydney was up till 3 o'clock last night at the Works. Mr. Edward Boardman and Mr. Edgington Fletcher worked away in their shirt sleeves superintending the men in removing the mustard seed, etc. The Carrow Kitchen was of service almost all through the

night, and I expect some of the helpers must be up to-night also, for the water is only a little gone down yet.

I fear you will think I am writing about nothing but one subject, which is true enough, for really we can think of nothing else . . . .

Ever your affectionate daughter,

CAROLINE COLMAN.

Death of her  
sister, 1879.

On February 16th 1879 came a crushing blow in the death of my mother's beloved sister Cecy, the wife of James Edward Willans of Huddersfield.

Golden wed-  
ding of her  
father and  
mother, 1880

About a year later there occurred the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of my grandfather and grandmother. My mother writes in the memoir of her mother :

On July 21st 1880 my father and mother celebrated their Golden Wedding. Their seven surviving children and nineteen of their twenty grandchildren were present (one being unavoidably absent), also my mother's only surviving sister Mrs. Wrigley, and our old friend the Rev. J. C. Harrison of London.

On this occasion their family presented them with a silver-gilt epergne, with a stand on which was engraved the following inscription :

PRESENTED TO  
WILLIAM HARDY AND SARAH COZENS-HARDY,  
ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY,  
BY THEIR LOVING CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN,  
JULY 21, 1880.

Her son  
Russell's trip  
round the  
world, 1885-6

In June 1885 her eldest son Russell started on a tour round the world in company with his friends James R. Roberts and J. Alexander Harmer. My mother treasured up all the letters she received from him and these were afterwards printed for private circulation among friends, together with a short preface in which she says :

These letters were written without the shadow of an idea that they would ever be printed. I hope that they will be read by friendly uncritical eyes, as it is for such alone that they have been printed.

On June 5, 1886 a happy gathering of

relatives and friends took place at Corton to give the three travellers a welcome home.

Death of a  
sister-in-law,  
1886.

But during my brother's trip a heavy sorrow had fallen in the death of Maria, the devotedly-loved wife of Herbert, my mother's second brother, who died on March 9th 1886 from congestion of the lungs brought on while nursing her eldest daughter through an attack of scarlet fever.

Jubilee cele-  
bration.

My father and mother were present at the Jubilee thanksgiving service in Westminster Abbey on June 21st 1887, at the end of fifty years of the Queen's reign. The following are extracts from a letter written by my mother to her sister Agnes :

BELGRAVE MANSIONS,

GROSVENOR GARDENS, S.W.

June 21 1887, 4.40 p.m.

MY DEAREST AGNES

I am glad to report ourselves all safely home again after the ceremony of this morning . . .

Even by 8.30 there was a great block of vehicles and it was some time before we could get the few yards further [from the Abbey] which landed us in Palace Yard. Of course it was quiet enough inside there and we were among the early arrivals . . . . I think it was about 10 o'clock or less when we went to the Abbey . . . . My seat was on the highest gallery, above the Members. It seemed a long time to wait before the first procession arrived and still longer before the Queen arrived at 12.30. By that time it was indeed a brilliant scene and you must look to the newspapers to give you an adequate description of its gorgeousness. The fanfare of trumpets which announced the Queen's arrival at the Abbey had a very inspiring effect. She looked extremely well and moved with great dignity. Tell father that his old favourite Handel had to give some of the music, and his march seemed to me the best part of all, though the Prince Consort's *Te Deum* was very nice. The service seemed very short, about three quarters of an hour. As soon as it was over the Queen stood while all her numerous sons and daughters and the other relatives who stood on the dais came and bowed or curtsied and kissed her hand, and then she kissed them on the cheek. I think there were more than 30. Then she bowed to the people and



the "recession" began. I immediately got up and went to the staircase, seeing others so doing, and determined to try and see the return of the cavalcade. Jeremiah had fixed for me to meet him in the House of Commons but as good luck had it I fell in with him on my way out and we together went to a place where we saw the whole of the procession pass. I should have been very sorry to miss this part, for the effect of the splendid uniforms and the fine horses was very grand . . . . We drove home by Whitehall and Pall Mall and had to go at a walking pace on account of the crowds. It was past four when we reached home.

Your ever affectionate sister

CAROLINE.

Marriage of  
her son  
Russell, 1888

On June 20th 1888 the marriage took place of her eldest son Russell to Edith M. Davies, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Davies of Treborth, Bangor, and an old schoolfellow of my sisters—a union of which my mother wrote: "If ever a marriage were made in heaven I believe this one is." It was an intense joy to her to prepare the home at Bracondale Woods

for her new daughter—for from the first she foresaw that she would gain a daughter rather than lose a son. Their children (Violet Rees, b. June 7, 1890 and Geoffrey Russell Rees b. March 14, 1892) were ever welcome at Carrow—the oftener they ran in the more delighted she was, while the visits which the little ones paid to Corton were a great joy to her.

Visits of Mr.  
and Mrs.  
Gladstone,  
1890, 1891.

In May 1890 my father and mother received Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and some of their family at Corton—the origin of the visit being a Liberal meeting at Norwich at which Mr. Gladstone spoke, coming on to Corton on the following day. In reference to this visit my mother writes :

Mr. Gladstone is altogether the most delightful guest that any hostess can entertain. He is so courteous and considerate and so grateful for the least kindness shown that it can but be a pleasure to do anything for him.

drove with me into my husband's constituency of Hoxton in order to see something of what was being done for the poor in that part of London, and in our wanderings we visited a certain Institute, the centre of a variety of agencies for lessening the misery around, presided over by a devoted man, a working saddler by trade. Finding the only "stock in trade" to amuse the many children who crowded to the Institute consisted of three more or less broken toys, my mother set to work to make a goodly supply of picture books, and also despatched bats and balls, etc., to say nothing of boxes of clothing; in fact from that time forward she constantly sent off boxes of similar welcome gifts to the Institute.

Her father  
and mother's  
diamond  
wedding,  
1890.

On July 21st 1890 my grandfather and grandmother celebrated that event, so rare in the history of any family—their Diamond Wedding, the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. My mother writes :



action with the left indignantly re-asserting  
 a doctrine of non-interference of which  
 we, being wiser, by the way, in this part of  
 London, and for ages, everywhere, we should  
 think, had been the basis of a variety of  
 agencies for doing the right thing, pro-  
 vided that we did not have a meddling mother  
 in them. Whether the only "hand to trade"  
 in London for doing children was bound to  
 do anything, however, or that more or less  
 truth, was the matter, and as with to make  
 a goodly variety of good books, and also  
 designed books and facts, and to my pointing  
 it down of children, as the fact that the  
 thread of the history was all traces of mother  
 and father gifts to the children.

The July next 1860, my grandfather and grand-  
 mother celebrated that event, so rare in the  
 history of my family—near Diamond Wedding  
 the thirty anniversary of their marriage. My  
 mother was present.



*J. E. Cox, Photo.*

MR. COLMAN	MRS. COLMAN	ETHEL M. COLMAN	MR. THEOBALD C. H.	MR. & MRS. BYRNEY D. H.	MR. WILLIAMS
MR. HERBERT C. H.	HILDA M. WILLIAMS	MRS. THEOBALD C. H.	DAVID C. H.	MR. CLEMENT C. H.	MRS. WILLIAMS
MISS ADNER C. H.	MR. COZENS-HARDY	MRS. COZENS-HARDY		MRS. CLEMENT C. H.	WINIFRED K. WILLIAMS

*Novich.*



Their children and some of their numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren met to congratulate my father and mother on their Diamond Wedding. At this gathering their family presented them with an etching of Leader's picture "At Evening Time it shall be Light," accompanied by an illuminated Address.

The closing words of this Address are as follows :

As the shadows of life lengthen, we trust that the eventide may be brightened with the love of your children, and that the blessing of Him, Whose blessing maketh rich and addeth no sorrow, may be yours throughout your remaining days.

One more anniversary of her wedding day was my grandmother spared to see. In reference to this day my mother says in her In Memoriam sketch :

My mother was no longer strong enough to bear any fatigue or excitement, and therefore no "gathering of the clan" was attempted. Several members



of the family, however, joined my father and mother at their mid-day meal. The Golden Wedding epergne was again filled with roses, and the Bridegroom of sixty-one years ago brought some beautiful flowers for his Bride. The gardener of his own accord sent in a bridal bouquet, and all tried to turn their thoughts to the past, rather than look forward into the future. For now the "shades of night were falling fast," and all felt, and none more strongly than my mother herself, that her days were drawing to a close. . . . She passed away in her sleep on Saturday, the 12th of September 1891 at Letheringsett Hall, having nearly attained her 83rd year.

Her mother's  
death, 1891.

The following words are from an address delivered at my grandmother's funeral by the late Rev. J. C. Harrison of London, a valued friend of many years' standing :

We thank God upon every remembrance of Mrs. Cozens-Hardy—for what her Lord enabled her to become. He had endowed her with rare natural advantages. She had charms of person and of presence given to only a few. Those who saw her were instinctively drawn to her. Her character was more

beautiful still. She had a clear, penetrating mind which at once seized the gist of a subject, and made her wise and sagacious in counsel; but she was as simple and ingenuous as she was wise—wholly without thought of self, approachable by all. She was a true friend to all who lived with her or served her. Her presence was the life of her household, and her words brought peace to all hearts. Her Christian life was calm and undemonstrative; her piety was *felt* rather than proclaimed; every one *saw* that she was a disciple of Christ because she so much resembled her Lord.

Presentation  
to her hus-  
band from  
the Liberals  
of Norwich,  
1892.

In 1892 my father received two proofs of esteem from the Liberals of Norwich on the completion of the 21st year of his Parliamentary life as representative of the city—one coming from the Liberals generally and one from the members of the Norwich Gladstone Club. My mother writes on April 27 1892 to one of her brothers:

I very much wish you could have been with us last night at St. Andrew's Hall [where the first presentation was made]. It was a crowded meeting—

over 2000 I imagine, and a great number stood all the time at the end of the Hall. It was a great ordeal for Jeremiah and me, and I dreaded it much beforehand, but when it came to the point there was so much kind feeling expressed that we could not but feel gratified. The present is a replica of the rose water dish and ewer from the Corporation plate of this old city. The donors could not have chosen anything Jeremiah would have liked better. The dish was given last night and the ewer will be presented by the Gladstone Club to-night.

The originals, which are of silver-gilt repoussé work, are regarded as among the art treasures of England. They were presented to the city by the Hon. Henry Howard, afterwards Earl of Norwich and Duke of Norfolk, who lived at the Duke's Palace where, according to the records of the times, he kept much state and was so generous in his hospitalities that in recognition of them he was entertained at a civic feast in St. Andrew's Hall on June 16 1663.

It was a sad coincidence that when, two years later, the Dissolution took place and my father retired from Parliament—an event to which my mother had eagerly looked forward as setting him free from duties which of late had been pressing too heavily upon him—she herself was just passing away.

Presentation  
of the  
freedom of  
the city to  
her husband,  
1893

On March 7th 1893 the honorary freedom of the city of Norwich was conferred on my father—a mark of generous recognition which was specially welcome to him inasmuch as it was bestowed in accordance with the unanimous vote of the members of the Town Council. One incident in the proceedings took my mother completely by surprise, and this was the presentation to her of a beautiful watch bracelet as a souvenir of the occasion bearing an inscription saying that it was the gift of the magistrates and the Corporation of Norwich.

And so one by one the years slipped quickly by, carrying with them happy days





## CHAPTER VII.

### Her Death.

**A**T Christmas, 1894, a happy family gathering took place at Corton including my grandfather and his daughter Agnes—indeed this was the last time my mother and her father met. During this visit to Corton my mother was as vigorous as ever and as full of loving thoughts for others—going out on Christmas Eve in the teeth of a hurricane of north-east wind to distribute her annual parcels of tea and sugar to the tenants. She returned to Carrow early in January apparently quite well, but early in

of crowded duties and again peaceful days of restful quiet, and through them all alike, whether the days brought joy or whether the joy was tinged with sorrow, my mother remained the same, unshaken in her faith that in sunshine as in shadow "underneath are the everlasting arms."



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February she began to flag. In March she rallied somewhat and early in April we were able to move her to Corton, where for a time she improved wonderfully, spending many hours in the open air and even at times superintending the clearing of shrubs and trees.

Death of  
her father,  
April 29th,  
1895.

On April 29th her father who had been gradually failing for several weeks passed peacefully away. It was an intense joy to my mother when it was decided that her old home at Letheringsett with all its cherished associations should not pass into the hands of strangers, but that although her eldest brother Clement decided to remain at his home at Cley, yet her brother Herbert would make it his country home and thus carry on the old traditions.

As the spring wore on the improvement in which we had so much rejoiced gradually passed away, though she was all along free from any acute suffering. Everything that love and

medical skill could suggest to save so precious a life was done. Her friend Dr. Habershon of London saw her frequently in conjunction with Mr. Cadge of Norwich and Mr. Shann of Lowestoft, while as a last resource Sir William Broadbent was called in. My mother was also devotedly nursed not only by those of her own household, but also by Nurse Davison, and later by Nurse Quarry and Nurse Orgelmann.

Her death,  
July 5, 1895.

But it was gradually forced upon us that in spite of everything we could do she was slowly fading, and on Friday evening, July 5th, 1895, she passed peacefully away in her sleep, aged 64 years.

“The toppling crags of Duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table-lands  
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.”



*Her funeral.* In the sunshine of a beautiful summer day (July 10th) my mother was laid quietly to rest in the Rosary, Norwich. Everything was perfectly simple, as she would have wished. With the exception of relatives, invitations to the service were sent only to a few special friends, to representatives of Carrow and of Corton, and to a small number holding official positions. Nevertheless of their own accord many hundreds lined the road from Thorpe Station to the grave—men and women of various views, sympathies and beliefs, but all united on this day by one common bond. Indeed, the wealth of sympathy coming alike from far and near, from rich and poor, from friends and from many who up to then had been little more than strangers, was simply immeasurable.

The coffin was hidden from view by a mass of flowers. On the top were a large wreath  
"From her devoted husband and children, in

most loving and ever-fragrant memory of a dearly-loved wife and mother"; a design in white roses "V" and "G" "From little Violet and Geoffrey, to the dear granny who loved them both so very dearly"; and a wreath from her brothers and sisters, "In loving memory of our sister Caroline, the bond of our family, the noblest, the wisest, the most unselfish of women." Hanging round the coffin were a wreath, "In loving remembrance," from Mrs. James Colman, Mrs. Willis and family; a wreath "With deepest sympathy and tender memories of our beloved mistress" from the servants at Carrow and Corton; a wreath "In token of sincere esteem" from the Corton gardeners; a wreath "With deepest sympathy" from the counting-house staff, Carrow Works; a wreath from the staff at 108 Cannon Street (the London Office); a cross "With the respectful sympathy of the London representatives"; an anchor "With sincere sympathy"

from the Carrow Day School; a wreath "With deep sympathy" from the Carrow Men's First Day School; and an anchor from the pastor and deacons of the Prince's Street Congregational Church "With sincerest sympathy."

Covering the ground around the grave were masses of other flowers from those who felt that in my mother they had lost a friend—one of the wreaths bearing the specially beautiful words:

"She lives again  
In lives made better by her presence."  
*George Eliot.*

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The following address was delivered by the  
Rev. G. S. Barrett:

We are met together to-day to render the last offices of affection and respect to all that is mortal of one whose death has left the whole City the poorer, and has overwhelmed with unutterable sorrow the home in which for so many years she had been one of the

chief sources of its joy and strength. Few lives have ever been lived with larger blessing resting on them than Mrs. Colman enjoyed. Born in the atmosphere and amidst the gracious influences of a Christian home, the child of parents both of whom were of marked individuality of character that in each case was penetrated and sanctified by the grace of God, Mrs. Colman inherited some of the most precious and distinctive qualities of her father and her mother. Her strong and clear judgment, her quiet self-command, sometimes even approaching to reserve for those who did not know her, the force of her instinctive affections, the attraction that drew her strongly to some people and some things, and her swift repulsion from all that was mean and selfish, the limitation as well as the breadth of her view, her indifference to all the mere pomp and show of wealth, her intolerance of all unreality and pretence, the Puritan simplicity of her own tastes and life, the tenderness and strength of her devotion to her own home, the ecclesiastical principles and preferences which governed her worship of Almighty God, above all the reality and depth of her piety, all bore witness to the parentage and the home, and the training, which were the chief benedictions of her early life. Nor was her later life of womanhood less affluent in blessing. It was her happiness when she entered a home of her

own, and when children grew up about her, to be surrounded with all that human love could offer to a wife and a mother. Nor was this all. She had the rare privilege and high responsibility of being united in marriage to one whose large means and larger heart were ever placed at the disposal of her kindly and sagacious judgment, and so it came to pass that from the first years of her wedded life down to the end, she filled a unique place in the philanthropic and educational ministries associated with the great business with which her husband's name is identified; and in all the large and wise movements for the comfort and help of the Carrow working-people, which have been a greater honour to the firm than its position and wealth, she took a prominent share. Nor were Mrs. Colman's interests and charities narrowed and confined to her own people. No real case of need, no burdened life, no anxious heart ever applied to her and went away uncheered and unhelped, and only the great Day of account, when the secrets of every human life shall be disclosed, will reveal the largeness and catholicity of her compassion and her gifts. Surrounded with wealth and all that wealth could give, she lived her truest life detached from it all, and she showed by the nobleness and unselfishness of her example that she only desired to be a good steward of the manifold grace of God.



What Mrs. Colman was in the more sacred intimacy of her own home, what husband and children have lost, it is not for me to attempt to tell; nor will I venture to speak of the still more sacred life she lived in God. It is sufficient for me to bear witness, thankful witness, to-day, that if she had imperfections and failings, as we all have, they were few indeed as compared with the genuine and rich excellences of a character that was governed, alike in great things and in small, by fidelity to principle, and devotion to duty and to God. Why it should seem fit to God to remove such a life just at the apparent summit of its usefulness and its power we cannot tell. We know, however, and we bless God that we know, all He does is well; and as we bow reverently and silently before the mystery of His infinite and holy love, we beseech Him to grant to those whom He has so sorely stricken the pity and succour of His own Fatherly heart, that in this hour of darkness and sorrow they may be able to say, even in their tears, those words which so largely filled the heart and shaped all the thinking of her who is gone, "GOD IS LOVE." I should fail in the duty laid upon me to-day if I did not give expression to the deep and respectful sympathy the whole City feels for Mr. Colman and his family, and those nearest to them, and if I did not say that this sympathy is touched with a peculiar

tenderness when we remember the long and honourable and useful public life Mr. Colman has lived, and how the rest he has so richly earned will now come to him with saddened and yet holier meaning, and with the light shining on it as the doors have opened of that eternal home, where, to use Milton's great words, we shall "join inseparable hands in overmeasure of love and joy for ever."

The clear sunshine, the birds, the flowers, all helped to turn our thoughts away from the dark shadows of the present up towards the hills from whence cometh our help, and we felt even in the midst of our sorrow that that which we called death was but "a gentle wafting to eternal life."

"On the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven a perfect round."

*R. Browning.*

The following words from the *Nonconformist* were written by my mother's old friend the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers :

Words of  
the Rev.  
J. Guinness  
Rogers.

In the midst of the turmoil of the election passed quietly away Mrs. Colman, wife of the late member for Norwich who had for more than twenty-five years so faithfully represented his native city. Mrs. Colman was a remarkably intelligent and conscientious politician herself, had given independent study to all the great questions of the time, and held her own decided views upon them, and would, doubtless, have felt a keen interest in the exciting events of the past fortnight. She was a woman with a rare combination of qualities. Wherever she was she gave an impression of strength and inspired confidence; but with the force of an intellect that had in it much of masculine robustness was a singular kindness of heart, tenderness of sympathy, and graciousness of manner, which endeared her to her own family and the whole circle in which she moved. Her works of faith and labours of love were manifold. Gifted with a practical judgment and methodical habits, she was an invaluable helper in every cause to which she devoted herself, and she was neither narrow in the range of her sympathies



nor sparing in her efforts. Her children rise up and call her blessed, for as no husband could have desired a more efficient helpmeet, so no children could have had a more wise, affectionate, and devoted mother. She had no taste for the platform or for public work; but in the gracious ministries of love and sympathy, which give such strength to a church and exert such a healthful influence upon the neighbourhood, she was pre-eminent. She was a very queen among hostesses, dispensing her hospitalities with a thoughtfulness, a courtesy, and a considerate attention to all her guests which could not well be excelled. It has been my happiness often to be among her guests, and the visits will always be red-letter days in my diary. So far as ministerial visitors were concerned, they were invited partly with a view to their own refreshment and partly with a care for the religious good of Lowestoft. There were often two of us together, and the days we spent in those lovely grounds, the laying out of which had been done largely under Mrs. Colman's own direction, were indeed pleasant times. How few of the number who used to gather under that roof remain! Dale, Allon, Harrison, are gone, Stoughton lingers in an honoured old age, and in a much younger generation Berry lives to perpetuate the best traditions of our ministry. Each of us used

to take one or two Sunday morning services at Lowestoft. Acting in the spirit of the true evangelical alliance, we were distributed among the free churches in the town, each one having a morning preacher in its turn. The evening service was always at the village chapel belonging to the Methodist Free Church at Corton. It was a kind and happy thought, well conceived, and well worked out. I could write much of The Clyffe, Corton, and those I met there, among them John Morley, the late Speaker, Dr. Jessopp, etc. But beyond all these, I had the inestimable privilege of spending some days in the company of Mr. Gladstone. It was a time never to be forgotten. And yet there is another time which has left behind still more sacred memories—a time of sharp, sudden, and severe sickness which overtook me in that pleasant home. I thought I knew Mrs. Colman before, but not till then did I realise the full kindness of her heart. Her name is embalmed in the memories of numbers, and round her widowed husband gathers a wealth of sympathy from the friends by whom he is so highly valued.



### *Extracts from Letters.*

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FROM the countless letters of sympathy which came after my mother's death—every one of which in its own special way was welcome—the following short extracts have been taken almost at random, some in order to show how her character revealed itself to people of very varied natures, and some because they contain words of comfort which may perhaps awake echoes in other sorrowing hearts :

From a Norwich friend :

"Yours is not a lonely sorrow, and this is a blessing, is it not? It seems to me to be lovely to have lived such a beautiful beneficial life as your mother, and to be mourned by every one. Try to avoid looking ahead, and let the day's strength be just for the day, else you will be overwhelmed. By and by 'the bow shall be seen in the cloud.'"

L. P.

From a Norwich friend of many years' standing :

"I hesitate to tell you how greatly I sorrow for the loss of the dear angel spirit gone away from us. The Love of God is far removed from any doubt. But it is very difficult if not impossible to our limited vision to grasp the reason for this very crushing sorrow. Yet the everlasting Future must clear away the mists and show us the good cause—the far-off interest of tears we cannot stretch out our hands to catch here."

L. M. B.



From a friend at Lowestoft :

"Personally I felt extremely drawn towards your mother. It was last Midsummer, I think, that I saw her last, and I was struck how rested she looked then, and my impression was that hers was a life with strong deep roots. She was as usual kindness itself to me, and it is very sweet to be able to cherish this last unclouded meeting. I always feel it such a special blessing that strong, superior, noble natures like hers touch you and abide with you, and influence you through all your lonely days."

S. M. A.



From an old pupil of the Carrow Works School :

"As an old Carrow boy I have special reason to be grateful to Mrs. Colman. My earliest associations are connected with the genial visits she so often paid to the schools in which she took such a deep and abiding interest, and to this day I remember the encouraging and helpful words she addressed to me more than twenty years ago. Again and again during life I have had cause to bless her name, and to me it will always be a fragrant memory." A. S.



From the Rev. Dr. Davison of Birmingham :

"There must be many hundreds like myself, brought but seldom into contact with Mrs. Colman, who have so felt the charm of her character, so full of purest kindness and generosity, that the news of her death has come with all the shock of a personal loss. She has left a deep impression on many, in widening circles from the inmost family circle outwards. How much there is in life upon which decay and death can lay no hand, how much in her life and influence which can never perish upon earth, while all that is best and truly imperishable is gathering yonder to enrich the life immortal."

From the Rev. G. B. Johnson of Torquay :

"The memories of her life will be as abiding and as mighty in their spell as they are innumerable. Many a sacred utterance will be enriched as love associates it with what she was and did. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: their works do follow them.' And God Himself has a way of coming nearer and still nearer to us in our sorrows if we will but let Him."



From a journalist friend in London :

"I came away from Corton, after my brief Sunday visit last August with a great admiration for your mother, and for the sweet family life of which she was the inspiration and source. . . I am sure that the memory—yes, much more than the memory—of such a woman will be to you all a very precious possession. I have no right to say this much to you, but I felt moved by sincere admiration for your mother to do so."

P. W. C.



From the Rev. Edwin Barrett of Liverpool :

"No one could know Mrs. Colman even slightly without being attracted by her broad interest in and tender regard for all to whom she could render help,

and without also being impressed by the deep reserves in her life which no outward occupations however manifold were able to exhaust. Of few so fully are the words true 'her works do follow her.'



From a girl-friend in London :

"What a blessed thing it is to feel that she passed away so peacefully and painlessly. And what a life hers has been, so full of good acts, always busy and doing something kind. It is rare to come across such a beautiful, unselfish home life, for she always sought a quiet life, and loved it best, I think."

M. D.



From a girl-friend in Wales :

"I always think that if one could see beyond the veil just for five minutes, the bitterness of death would be gone. If one could get one glimpse of those who have gone before, could see them just for one minute in the peace and glory that they are living in now with God, the sight would give one strength to face the future, and not only to bear it but to bear it gladly."

E. H. D.

From Mrs. Gladstone :

"There rushed upon us all those acts of goodness and of continual benevolence which endeared your dear mother to all around her, and—whilst it is therefore doubly felt—the loss yet leaves behind it such sweet and holy flavour, such comforting thoughts. May the Almighty comfort you more and more as you think of her reward and the change from suffering to peace."



From one who was united to her by the double tie of love and kinship :

"It has come over me to be very thankful for the fragrance and love connected with your dear mother's memory. It is permitted to only a few to leave such a cloudless memory, and had life been spared in weakness it might have been otherwise, even with her."

M. C.



From a friend at Limpsfield :

"No human comfort can soften the stern truth : 'She will not return to me.' But we shall go to our precious dead one day, and this very discipline may make us more fit. Once, in Rome, I heard an American minister (who had just lost his wife) speak so beautifully about this, and he said he loved to



think that there is no 'other' world, that it is all one world in God's hand, and that we and those taken from our sight are only walking the other side of the same Saviour, led by His other hand—on different sides, as it were."

A. P.



From J. Storrs Fry of Bristol:

"I had not the privilege of Mrs. Colman's acquaintance, but I saw from the newspapers that she was one of those sweet and noble Christian women whose children, and not her children only, 'rise up and call her blessed.' . . . I have sometimes felt as though I knew my departed friends better after death than before. We seem to see the whole being and character more fully and clearly, when

'Death has moulded into calm completeness  
The statue of the life.'

Possibly such may be your case."



From the Rev. Canon Hinds Howell (to my mother's brother Theobald):

"Circumstances which I need not mention have led me to know more of the good works of your sister than you think, done in quiet, without ostentation, done because she wished to do good to God's poor, with no desire to be blazoned in public."

From a dearly loved friend in Wales :

"I cannot help copying and sending some verses to you from Mrs. Browning's lines, "So He giveth His beloved sleep." They are so true of her, that dear, sweet, precious mother of yours—whom to have known is a privilege to thank God for. It is so hard to think of Corton to-day, but Heaven is better, lovelier, more peaceful, more glorious, and she is there — 'in the presence of the King.'" A. D.

"Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward into souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if there any is  
For gift or grace surpassing this :  
'He giveth His beloved—sleep?'

\* \* \*

"Sleep soft, beloved !" we sometimes say,  
Who have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep :  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber when  
He giveth His beloved—sleep.

"His dews drop mutely on the hill,  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men sow and reap :  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
He giveth His beloved—sleep."



On the Sunday following my mother's funeral, Dr. Barrett preached in the little chapel at Corton—nothing of the nature of a funeral sermon, from which she would have shrunk, but just a few simple words of cheer. In the hope that some who have themselves passed through the deep waters may find comfort in reading them, the following notes of his Address are given :

## The Resurrection and the Life:

Being

Rough Notes of a Sermon

Preached at Corton, July 14th, 1895.

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"I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."—JOHN xi. 25.

**T**HESE great words were called forth by the reply of Martha to Christ's assurance that her brother Lazarus would rise again. Martha believed in the Resurrection, as a remote event, powerless to afford her present comfort in her bereavement and sorrow. Our Lord reveals to her a present and a personal joy. Death was not the extinction, not even the suspension of personal life. Lazarus was not really dead, for Christ declares: "He that liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die."

The whole account of the miracle of raising Lazarus from the dead is full of significance. It was the last miracle Christ is recorded to have wrought, and it ought to be compared with the first miracle.

the turning of the water into wine at the wedding feast at Cana in Galilee. The first miracle hallowed the commencement of the family life, the last consecrated its close. Of the first miracle we read, "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory; and His disciples believed on Him" (JOHN ii. 11); and of the last, in words full of meaning, Jesus said, "Said I not unto thee, that if thou believedst, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" (JOHN xi. 40).

I wish, this morning, to ask you to consider the words of the text, and the lessons they seem to suggest to us, as appropriate to the occasion on which we have met together.

I. *And first of all, we learn that Christ reveals to us the great hope of Immortality.*

"*I am the Resurrection and the Life,*" He declares; the words are familiar to us all, they are touched with a thousand sacred memories, and it seems impossible to imagine ourselves without the hope of the life beyond death that they reveal, and without that faith in the Resurrection which is one of the cornerstones of the Christian creed. And yet it needs but a slight acquaintance with the religions of the world before Christ, to discover the fact that there was a time in the history of the race when the world was altogether—or almost altogether—without

this hope; when immortality at the best was but a guess, a perhaps, a great uncertainty.

It is true there were some among the Jews who held that death did not terminate existence, as we may see from Martha's own words; but it is exceedingly difficult to determine exactly the popular belief in immortality, even among the Jewish people, and to ascertain how much, or how little, of definite spiritual belief there was in the common faith; whilst even with the Jews there was a considerable party, the Sadducees, who denied the Resurrection, and the future life altogether.

So, too, the ancient Egyptians cherished the hope of immortality, even of an immortality of the body; but it was mixed up with such grotesque errors that it could never, for one moment, be compared with our Christian faith in the future life.

Outside of these two nations, and especially in the Greek and Roman world, the hope of eternal existence beyond death was practically non-existent.

A very few illustrations will be enough to prove this fact.

I do not know anything more pathetic than the words with which Socrates—that great saint of Paganism—closed his noble and unwearied life. Just before drinking the cup of poison, he turned to the bystanders and said: "And now the time is come

for us to go away, for me to die, for you to live ; but whether life or death is the better is known only to the God." To the purest and most righteous soul in the pagan world, the future was all uncertain and unknown, and this is only a fair summary of the general opinion of the ancient world. Philosophers, like Plato, might discuss, as an academic exercise, the immortality of the soul; but for the great mass of the people, death ended all, and the great hereafter was shrouded in impenetrable gloom.

Another illustration may be given of the same truth. In the Vatican at Rome there is a gallery on the walls of which are tablets, taken from the cemeteries of the city. On the one side they are from the pagan burying-places, and on the other from the Christian. The contrast the inscriptions on these tablets afford is most significant. On the pagan side you read such dismal, hopeless words as these, "To an eternal sleep;" "Friends, let us live while we live;" "Cruel death that snatched away a dearest child;" whilst on the opposite wall, we may see the hope of immortality filling even the tomb with light, "In Christ, Alexander is not dead;" "It is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God;" "Borne away by angels."

Or look at the letter of Sulpicius, on the death of Tullia. Cicero acknowledges that it contained

every argument possible to comfort the bereaved, and yet there is not one word in the letter of the hope which would have been uppermost in a Christian father's heart, mourning the loss of a daughter.

Julius Cæsar once ventured to appeal to the real opinion of his audience, that a future state contained nothing either to hope for or to dread; and Cato confirmed his avowal.

To the pagan world death was the extinction of life, and the familiar image on many of their tombs of the end of life, was a torch turned upside down, its light extinguished, itself burnt out.

It was Christ, and Christ alone, who brought "*life and immortality to light through the Gospel*," and we owe to Him, and to His resurrection from the dead, all the hope we cherish of an eternal life beyond the grave. If ever, which may God forbid, there should come over Christendom an eclipse of the Christian faith, if ever the world were to lose faith in Christ it would not be long before it lost faith in immortality as well. The "deep sadness" that "lay on the Roman world" at Christ's coming would once again fall on us, and the gloom of a hopeless death would cast its shadow over all our mortal life.

This immense word, "Eternity," a word that alters all human life, and throws a radiant glory even on the tomb, we owe to Christ alone. It was He who



brought the hope of immortality to this dark, sad, dying life of ours: it was His own words, "*I am the Resurrection and the Life*," which have revealed to the world the meaning of time, and the glory beyond the grave. It is He, and He alone "*Who has abolished death*."

II. *These words, however, are more than a revelation of immortality; they are a revelation of a personal immortality.*

You mark the significance of the personal pronoun, "He—He—He," recurring in the words which follow my text, as if Christ would lay special emphasis on the truth that it is the individual person, not some vague, formless shape, who will live again beyond the grave.

And here we touch the second great and distinguishing mark of the Christian hope of immortality, and it may be well to see how it contrasts with rival and antagonistic beliefs which are about us to day.

First of all, it is utterly opposed to the cheerless hope of a pantheistic immortality. "Art thou immortal?" a disciple once asked of a Stoical philosopher. "Yes," he replied, "but only as all things are immortal." Just as the tiny rain drop falls into the stream, and the stream bears it to the river, and the river carries it at last to the sea, where it is lost, and yet not lost, so, according

to the pantheistic creed, the soul at death is absorbed in the universal all, yielding up its own individual existence, and falling again into the vast sum of the infinite life of the universe.

You know what our great poet says of this dreary faith :

“That each who seems a separate whole  
Should move his rounds, and fusing all  
The skirts of self again, should fall,  
Remerging in the general whole,  
Is faith as vague as all unsweet” ?

Yes ! it is a faith, “as vague as all unsweet.” I do not want to know if after death I am absorbed into the immensity of the universal life, I want to know if I, this mysterious personality I call myself, with all the strange, sacred experiences of my life, with my own individual being, shall live again. When I stand by the death-bed of those dearest to me, when I bid them the last farewell, when I see them laid to rest in the grave, I do not care to ask whether they will live an unconscious, formless existence, merged in the infinite life of the universe ; I ask if my friend, my child, my wife, my husband will be there, if beyond the shadows of death they will be the same to me, if they will preserve me the dear individualities of their personal character ; I want to know whether eternity will destroy, or will

it continue and perfect this individual and personal life of ours.

And to these questions—and who has not asked them—Christ gives an all-sufficient answer. “*Thy brother,*” He says—mark the words—“*Thy brother shall rise again*”; Lazarus will rise again, himself, and not another, and in the eternal world of joy Martha shall know him again, for death does not destroy, it only perfects the personal life.

And to-day, as we think of one whom God has taken from us, we can thankfully rejoice to know she has lost nothing worth keeping by death. She has parted, for ever parted, with the imperfections, the sins, the sorrows of this mortal life, but with nothing else. All that made her what she was, all the separate threads of goodness which were woven into her individual character and life, the personality that made her so dear to those who knew and loved her, all are hers still, ennobled and glorified, not lost in the eternal world. Of each of the saintly dead we may reverently say: “Thy friend, thy brother, thy wife, thy husband, thy child shall rise again.”

And, as this great hope of a personal immortality is utterly opposed to the pantheistic dream of impersonal life, so it is also opposed to that grotesque belief known by the name of positivism, which denies all individual existence after death, but which

allows us to cherish the hope of living in memory, part of the universal life of humanity.

It is a dismal faith at best, for, not to say that it includes in itself the memory of the bad as well as the good,—for they, not less than the good, are part of humanity,—it extinguishes the one consolation, for which we most ardently yearn when death draws near. It is nothing, it is less than nothing to me, to be told that I am to live and labour for the good of humanity, and to find in the thought that after my death the good I may have tried to do will help to build up the life of the ages yet to come, and that peradventure a reverent and grateful memory will sometimes visit my grave; I want to know if I—with all that makes life precious to me, shall live again, not if humanity, in its impersonal, unconscious whole, will continue to be. And, as with myself, so it is with those dear to me, who have been taken away by death. All I ask, all I care to know, is this—shall we ever meet again, each in his own individuality of being, each with all that made him himself, shall we find each other after death?

And to this yearning of the heart, Christ gives the all sufficient answer: "*He that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.*" "*Thy brother shall rise again.*"

And it is in this light, as the revelation of a personal immortality that the Resurrection of Christ

is itself so full of significance. He was the same Lord and Master after death that He was before. His hand bore the print of the nails, and His side the mark of the wound of the spear. One word to Mary was enough to reveal Him to her in the garden. He was the same Jesus, the same dear Friend, the same tender and gracious Saviour He had ever been. Death and Resurrection had not touched, much less destroyed, His individual and personal life.

We, too, shall rise again, each of us clothed with our own personality, ourselves, and not another. And we, too, shall find death powerless to destroy aught that made this human life precious and sacred to us.

III. *Christ reveals a present immortality.*

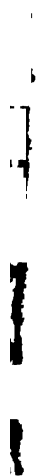
Jesus does not say "I will be the Resurrection and the Life," but "*I am the Resurrection and the Life.*" Eternal Life is not a future glory; it is a present possession. "*He that believeth on the Son hath Eternal Life.*"

Just as in the shell of the unborn bird you may find folded up wings, which are the prophecy of the life it will live as a creature of the sky; so in the believer here, there are hopes and expectations and powers and a life, all of which are the beginnings and therefore the prophecies of the immortality yet

to be revealed. The humblest Christian's life is too great for earth to satisfy, or for earth to explain. Heaven really begins on earth. The Divine life here is the surest pledge of the glory of the Divine life hereafter.

And so these great words of Christ not only touch the future with immortal hope, but they invest the present life with unspeakable sacredness.

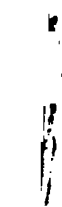
Here we begin to live the life that knows no end. Here we know and love God. Here "*we have fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ.*" Here Christ is "*in us the Hope of Glory,*" and as He dwells ever more and more in us, that Hope will grow brighter and brighter; and when the end comes, and we bid farewell to all that is precious on earth, we shall pass into the unseen world, not with the fear and trembling of a traveller setting out on a journey to an unknown land, the issues of which are all uncertain, but with the quiet joy of a child who is returning, after the long school-time of earth, to the Father's house on high. We shall then know, in all their fulness of meaning, the truth of the words of our Lord: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."



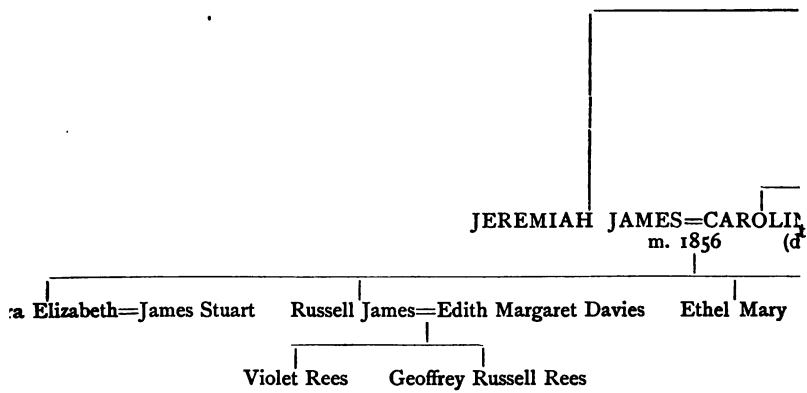
God keeps a niche  
In Heaven to hold our idols ; and albeit  
He brake them to our faces . . .  
. . . . .  
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,  
The dust swept from their beauty,—glorified  
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

E. B. Browning.





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Glady

BERT COLMAN=ANN MILLS  
(d. 1867) (d. 1856)

James (eldest son)=Mary Burlingham  
(d. 1854)

Mary Esther=John Willis  
(d. 1888)

Mary Esther Colman

John Henry

Edith Lucy

Arthur Herbert  
(d. 1881)

NE  
1895)

Clement William Hardy=Helen Fern

Helen Caroline

Alan Cozens-Hardy

Florence Esther

William

Arthur Wrigley=Mary Evershed

Edith=Thomas Musgrave Burton

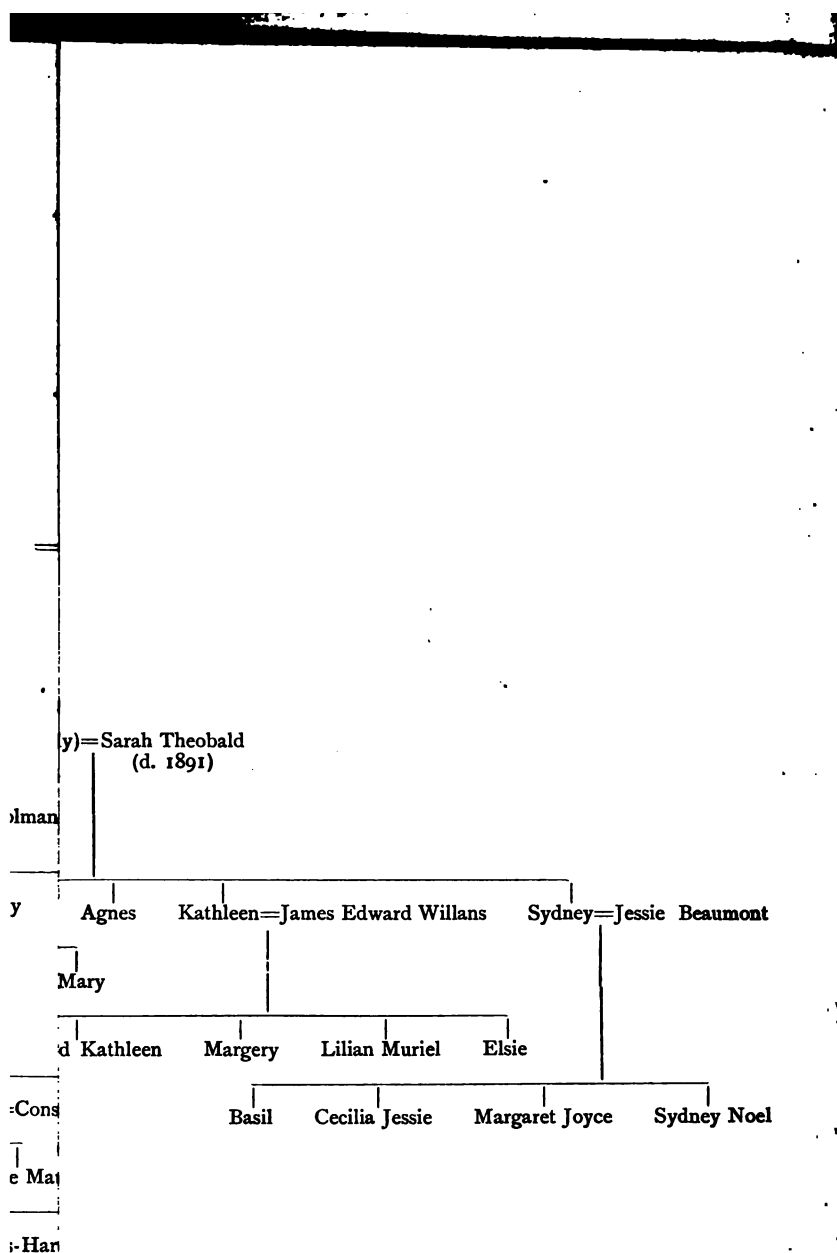
Fernel

s Lily

Raven

Helen Maguire

Alice Fr



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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.



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In memoriam.

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